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The June Bug



VOLUME TWO

THE ANNUAL

—OF THE—

Technical High School

CLEVELAND, OHIO



PUBLISHED BY THE CLASS OF 1911

MAY, 1911

To
Mr. Frank E. Mathewson
as an Appreciation
of his
Hearty Co-operation
We, the Class of Nineteen Hundred Eleven,
Dedicate this Book.







JAMES F. BARKER, *principal*, was graduated from Mechanical Engineering Course at Cornell in 1893; Architecture, 1894. Taught at Milwaukee in 1897; at Grand Rapids 1903-1905. Director of Hackley Manual Training School, Muskegon, Mich., 1905-1907. Principal of Technical High School in Cleveland, 1906-1911.

FRANK E. MATHEWSON, *assistant principal*, active member of Council of Supervisors of Manual Arts, and President of the Council during 1907. Author of "Notes for Mechanical Drawing" and "Perspective Sketching from Working Drawings."

MAY MCKITRICK, *assistant principal*, A. B. University of Wisconsin, 1899. Principal of High School, Ishpeming, Mich., 1900-1908.

ROBERT L. SHORT, *assistant principal*, A. B. Chaddock College, Post Graduate courses at University of Illinois and the University of Munich. Assigned Principal West Technical High School, Cleveland.

Jno. D. Alexander	Chemistry
Case School of Applied Science.	
Anna Arbuthnot.....	Physiology and Botany
A. B. Geneva College.	
A. M. Western Reserve.	
A. W. Atwater.....	Mechanical Drawing
M. E. Purdue University.	
Frank Bail.....	Wood Turning
Technical High School.	
Emma K. Bates.....	Mathematics
Oberlin College.	
Columbia University.	
M. A. Berns.....	Mathematics
B. S. University of Illinois.	
Lana Bishop.....	Domestic Art
Columbia University.	
F. W. Blaisdell.....	English
A. B. Allegheny College.	
(Resigned)	
H. D. Bone.....	Cabinet Making
James Milikins University.	
Fred Burroughs.....	Mathematics
A. B. Western Reserve University.	
Mabel Chapman.....	Physical Training
A. B. Western Reserve University.	
Ellen Clenden.....	Domestic Art
Simmons, Boston, Mass.	
Margaret Collins.....	Domestic Art
A. B. Kansas Normal College.	
B. S. Columbia University.	
Ruth Collings.....	History
A. B. Western Reserve.	
Mary Converse.....	Chemistry
Columbia University.	

- R. G. Cowan.....Pottery
B. S. Alfred University N. Y. S. S. in Ceramics Pottery.
- Lua R. Crawford.....Applied Art
Ypsilanti Normal.
Pratt Institute.
- Warren E. Durstine.....Industrial Geography
B. S. University of Illinois.
- Clara M. ElmerEnglish
Lake Erie College.
B. S. University of Washington.
- Alice M. Foote.....
A. B. Oberlin.
A. M. Western Reserve.
- Gordon B. Frost.....Mathematics
A. B. Dartmouth.
- Oscar L. Gaede.....Mechanical Drawing
A. B. Reserve.
B. S. Case School Applied Science.
- A. G. Greenameyer.....Chemistry
B. S. University of Michigan.
(Resigned)
- Carlotta C. Greer.....Domestic Science
Ph. B. Buchtel College.
Drexel Institute.
- J. S. Griffin.....German and French
A. M. University of Wisconsin.
- Gertrude S. Hadlow.....English
A. B. Western Reserve.
University of Chicago.
- C. H. Handforth.....Mechanical Drawing
Pratt Institute.
- V. D. Hawkins.....Physics
B. S. Olivet College.
A. M. University of Michigan.

- Bertram Hedley.....Mechanical Drawing
Columbia University.
- J. Hoornstra.....German
B. Ph. Amsterdam University.
Seminary for Teachers Haarlem.
- L. Hurst.....Applied Art
Cleveland School of Art.
- Harrison Hutchins.....Pattern Making
Purdue University.
- Marietta Hyde.....English
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- Lizabeth Jackson.....English
A. B. Oberlin College.
- A. D. Kennedy.....Applied Art
Pratt Institute Graduate.
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- Margaret King.....English
A. B. Wooster University.
- C. F. Knirk.....Industrial Geography
A. B. University of Illinois.
- Dean Lawrence.....Mathematics
A. B. University of Michigan.
- J. L. Lawson.....Physical Training
Springfield Training School.
- J. D. Littlefield.....Forging
Manual Training Course at Mass.
Institute of Technology Boston, Mass.
- J. O. Manville.....Music
- Esther Matchett.....Inrustrial Geography
A. B. University of Michigan.
- J. G. Matthews.....Mechanical Drawing
Member of American Society of Mechanical Engineers.

H. J. McCaslin.....Pattern Making
Foreman Pattern Shop, Wellman, Seaver, Morgan Co.

Laura T. McGowan.....Mathematics
A. B. University of Missouri.

D. C. Meck.....Mathematics
A. B. Wesleyan University.
A. M. Northern University.

Ethel Parmenter.....English
A. B. Western Reserve University.

Harley Plum.....Chemistry
A. B. Ohio State A. M.
Graduate Work University of Chicago.

E. L. Raisch.....Mathematics
B. L. Wisconsin.
A. M. Harvard.

Alice Shanks.....Industrial Geography
A. B. Western Reserve.

J. P. Simons.....Chemistry
B. S. Case School of Applied Science.

Walter D. Smith.....Foundry
Royal Polytechnical School, London, England.

F. E. Spelman.....Cabinet Making
Oberlin College.

Judson L. Stewart.....Mechanical Drawing
Teacher's College.
Columbia University.

A. B. Street.....Mathematics
B. E. E. Iowa State College.

Ethel K. Streibert.....Domestic Science
University of Michigan.
Columbia University.

Edith Teagle.....English
A. B. Western Reserve.

John W. Thalman.....Mathematics
A. B. Ohio Wesleyan University.

Gwendolyn Thomas.....English
A. B. Western Reserve University.

C. B. Tremper.....Physics
A. B. University of Michigan.

Ellen VanFleet.....English and History
Ph. B. Western Reserve Normal.

John Vickerman.....Machine Shop
Hackley Normal.

L. C. Wagoner.....Pattern Making
Valparaiso University.
Cornell University.
College and Manual Training Courses.

Marie Walz.....German
National German American Teacher's Seminary, Wis.

Hazel White.....English
B. A. Western Reserve.

Emil Wydman.....Cabinet Making
Nass University, Sweden.
Art School, Stockholm.

Manfred Yoder.....Machine Shop





WE have tried to make this Annual a reproduction of High School life, endeavoring to exclude all deep and abstract subjects, giving preference to interesting and entertaining articles, truly representative of the High School girl or boy.

We hope that, for those who have High School life before them, this book may be a suggestion of what is in store for them; that, for those who never entered High School, this book may impart a share in those activities which they have missed; that for ourselves, it may be a reminder of the pleasant days we have spent in this school.

This Annual has been published without advertisements and we trust you will take this fact into consideration if you have any criticisms to make, and we hope they will be few. We may have fallen short of our aim, but whatever the defects may be, the editors trust that everybody will find something worthy of commendation. In the end, our hopes will have been realized, if the reader is glad of an opportunity to show his friends the Annual, and refer to it as a fair chronicle of the High School Year of 1910-1911.

The Board of Editors for Class of 1911.

Seniors



EVERETT BARGER, Buffalo, New York
 Forum
 President Junior and Senior Classes
 Secretary Athletic Association Junior and Senior
 years Case School of Applied Science
"A monumental heap of simplicity and good humor."



MILDRED DOLE, East High
 Vice President of Senior Class
 Secretary Palladium
 Dramatic Club
 Girls' Glee Club
 Scarab Board
 Faculty Choice at Commencement, Normal School
*"Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low,
 An excellent thing in woman."*



WILLIAM CLARKE, West High
 Secretary Senior Class
 Prophet Senior Class
 Forum
 Soccer Foot Ball
"They laugh that win."



GORDON F. CADISCH,
 Polytechnic Society
 Treasurer Senior Class
 Dramatic Society
 Scarab Board
 Debate—Alternate
 Secretary Senior Rhetorical Committee, Case School
 of Applied Science
"He knew what is ever to be known."



LYDIA OESTERMEYER,

Central High

Palladium

Secretary Dramatic Club

Girls' Glee Club

Annual Board

Faculty Choice Commencement, Columbia

"E's with ease."



WERNER BOMONTI,

Lincoln High

Cartooning Society

Post Graduate—Art

"He seems so near and yet so far."



LEONARD H. KRILL,

Polytechnic Society

Mechanical Engineering

Case School of Applied Science

"He was ever precise in promise keeping."



WILLIAM SWALLOW,

Mechanical Engineering

Case School of Applied Science

"Silence sweeter is than speech."



RITA DEBROWN, Central High
 Palladium
 Dramatic Club
 Girls' Glee Club
 Scarab Board
 Faculty Choice Commencement, Columbia
"She hath a daily beauty in her life."



VERNON D. STRANAHAN, East High
 Polytechnic Society
 Mechanical Engineering
 Case School of Applied Science
"His head is as firm as a stone."



ROY E. LUDICK, Glenville High
 Basket Ball
 Base Ball
 Ohio State
"The society of girls is a very delightful thing."



ROBERT DAYKIN, Lincoln High
 Mechanical Engineering
 Case School of Applied Science
"For idleness is an appendix to nobility."



PHILIP W. GATES,

Columbus, Ohio

Dramatic Society
 Forum—Sergeant at Arms
 Business Manager Annual
 Glee Club
 Agricultural Course, Purdue

"A rhapsody of words."



JOHN BARTON,

Second Prize in Mathematics Contest

"A man I am, crossed with adversity."



ROBERT O. BURTON,

East High

Polytechnic Society
 Dramatic Society
 Mining, Columbia

"None but himself can be his parallel."



EDWARD GUENTZLER,

Electrical Engineering, Case

"I am slow of study."



FLORENCE EGGER,

East High

Dramatic Club
Girls' Glee Club
Faculty choice Commencement, Florida

"Innocence in genius, and candor in power."



WALTER SHIVELY,

Glenville High

Annual Board—Editor-in-Chief
Forum
Polytechnic Society
Dramatic Society
Class Choice Commencement Speaker
Civil Engineering, Case

"Wise to resolve, and patient to perform."



RAYMOND WARREN,

East High

Dramatic Society
Soccer Foot Ball
Glee Club
Structural Engineering, Case

"The calm of thought is on his brow."



WILLIAM BOWYER,

Glee Club

"The mould of a man's fortune is in his own hands."



LOUISE BURKE,
Palladium
Dramatic Club
Girls' Glee Club
Annual Board
Western Reserve

Central High

"Joy rises in her like a summer morn."



ELBERT HARRIS,
Hickman Mills, Mo.

Ruskin High

"It would talk; Lord, how it talked."



GORDON ASHWORTH,
Forum
Dramatic Club
Business Manager of Scarab
Chairman Rhetoricals Committee

Central High

"Principle is ever my motto, not expediency."



EDMUND BUTLER,
Annual Board

"It's clever, but is it art."



RUTH CHURCH,

East High

President Palladium

Dramatic Club

Girls' Glee Club

Faculty Choice Commencement, Normal

*"She is pretty to walk with; witty to talk with
And pleasant too—to think on."*



FOSTER BOND,

Lincoln High

Electrical Engineering, Case

"I'm the only one of my kind."



HUGH E. BROWN,

East High

Secretary Polytechnic Society

Forum

Dramatic Club

Chairman Rhetoricals Committee

"He wears the rose of youth upon him."



CLIFFORD DETTMAN,

Polytechnic Society

Civil Engineering, Case

"Studios of ease, and fond of humble things."



HARRY ODEN,

Case School

"Quiet as a mouse."



RICHARD GREER,

Howe Military

Base Ball

Foot Ball

Glee Club

Senior Historian

Ceromic Engineering, Ohio State

"He, the sweetest of all singers."



ANNETTE NELSON,

"Gentle of speech, beneficent of mind."



DANIEL JASKULEK,

Central High

Spencerian Business College

"A young man void of understanding."



JAMES ANDERSON, Central High
Electrical Engineering, Case
"Lots of noise from a little horn."

HARRY DANKWORTH, West High
Orchestra
Base Ball
Gesangverein
"Ich muss heirathen."

JAMES LA SALVIA,
"None like him on earth."

FREDERICK A. SCHMELL,
Mechanical Engineering, Case
"Laughed with counterfeit glee at all his jokes."



DOROTHY KNORR,

Normal

"Wise to resolve and patient to perform."



ALFRED A. SCHEPPAN,

Mechanical Engineering, Case

*"He was not merely a chip off the old block,
but the old block itself."*



CLARENCE A. MICHEL,

Civil Engineering, Case

"Conspicuous by his absence."



GEORGE F. SCHMID,

"Tis happy for him that his father was born before him."



HELEN KOESTER, Central High
 Vice President Palladium
 Dramatic Club
 Girls' Glee Club
 Annual Board
 Faculty Choice Commencement, Western Reserve
*"Grace was in her step,
 In every gesture dignity."*



ALBERT W. SCHMIDT,
 Polytechnic Society
"He was incapable of a mean or questionable act."



JOHN A. DOMBROWSKI,
 Mechanical Engineering, Case
"Fading from the public eye."



CHARLES W. HAINES,
 Bradley Polytechnic Institute
"Thou wilt scarce be a man before thy mother."



HELEN STEDRONSKY, Central High
"As frank as rain on a cherry blossom."



MANFRED E. DARMSTADTER,
 Annual Board
 Lincoln and Glenville Debates
 Forum
 Dramatic Club
 Editor-in-chief of Scarab
"This gentleman will outtalk us all."



HOWARD TRETER, East High
 Track
 Base Ball
 Forum
 Dramatic Society
"My heart is true as steel."



WILLIAM HEJNA, Case
"I had rather have a fool to make me merry, than experience to make me sad."



EDNA ROEHL,

South High

Palladium

President Dramatic Club

Girls' Glee Club

Annual Board

Class Choice Commencement, Ohio State

"She doth little kindnesses which most leave undone or despise."



JOHN C. PALLISTER,

South High

Forestry, University of Pennsylvania

"I was not born under a rhyming planet."



ELMER H. SEIDMAN,

West High

Mechanical Engineering, Case

"A high look and a proud heart."



CLAYTON REAKES,

"Three-fifths of him genius and two-fifths sheer fudge."



IDA HALES,

Picnic Committee

"The face, the index of a feeling mind."

LESLIE TYLER,

"Too good for the rest of us mortals."

GOTTFRIED GAISER,

Metropolitan Business College

Orchestra

Mechanical Engineering, Case

"A minister, but still a man."

ARTHUR GOCKEL,

Polytechnic Society

"As merry as the day is long."



WALDEMAR DETER,
Civil Engineering, Case

East High

"I never did nothin' to nobody."



CLARENCE PAGEL,
Glee Club
Mechanical Engineering, Case

"He sleeps by day more than the wild cat."



RALPH A. NUNGESSER,
Polytechnic Society
Electrical Engineering, Case

East High

"Big manly voice turning again to childish treble."



GEORGE GERNHARDT,

Ohio State

"Oh that those lips had language."



HENRIETTA SCHAMBACHER, Central High
"For she was just the quiet kind."



CARL A. BISSMAN,
 Civil Engineering, Case
"Still idle with a busy air."



IDEN CHITTENDEN,
"Please go 'way and let me sleep."



HARLAND T. CLAPP, Shaw High
 Dramatic Club
 Polytechnic Society
 Glee Club
 Cornell
"With eyes that look into the very soul."



EMELINE JOHNSON,

Normal

"She fills the air with joy."



HARRY SIMMERMACHER,

Glenville High

Basket Ball

Foot Ball

Track

President Forum

"In his tongue is the law of kindness."



JOSEPH UHER,

Chairman Picnic Committee

Glee Club

Track Team

Case

"Whose cockloft is unfurnished."



EDWIN HORNING,

Polytechnic Society

Picnic Committee

University of Michigan

"Seest thou a lad hasty in his words."



HELEN FALLS, Central High
 Dramatic Club
 Associate Editor-in-Chief of Scarab
 Annual Board
 Girls' Glee Club
 Ohio State

"A rose-bud set with little wilful thorns."



EASTMAN SANBORN, South High
 Worcester, Mass.
 Chemical Engineering, Carnegie Tech

"His mouth was smooth as butter, his words were softer than oil."



EDWIN H. LEAVENWORTH, East High
 Forum
 Civil Engineer, Case

"A devil if there ever was one."



ROBERT KLEMM,
"Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit."



ALLENE MARTIN,
Columbia

Central High

"The mildest manners with the bravest mind."



ARTHUR C. WIESENBERGER,
Glee Club
Annual Board
Soccer Foot Ball
Agricultural Course, Ohio State

South High

"A young barbarian not unmitigatedly funny."



EDWIN H. RIGHTER,
Mechanical Engineering, Case

Central High

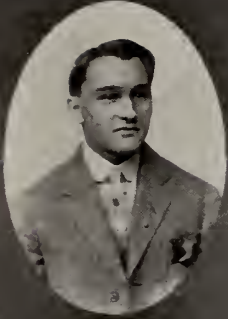
"Soldier full of strange oaths."



HENRY MINCH,

Ohio State

"Deeper than any plummet sound I'll drown my books."



ALFRED SCHWEMLER,

"O this learning, what a thing it is."



LILLIAN KOEHLER,

East High

Palladium

Dramatic Club

Girls' Glee Club

Cleveland School of Art

"Happy am I—from care I'm free—

Why aren't they all contented like me?"



HOWARD J. PARKER,

Track

Mechanical Engineering, Case

"For even though vanquished he could argue still."



LEIGH BAKER,

West High

"Such a ladies' man."



LOIS ABEL,

West High

Treasurer of Palladium
Dramatic Society
Girls' Glee Club

*"She that was ever fair and never proud
Had a tongue at will—and yet was never loud."*



WALTER H. ROTHGARY,

"Knows a little of everything and not much of anything."



NORMAN FEATHER,

South High

Executive Committee
Secretary Athletic Association
Basket Ball
Captain Base Ball
Track
Foot Ball
Mechanical Engineering, University of Michigan

"His deeds speak his praises."



GEORGE F. COLCHER,

East High

President Polytechnic Society
Track Team
Mechanical Engineering, Purdue

*"Like a circle ending never,
Does my tongue go on forever."*



WILLIAM WARD,

Central High

Basket Ball

Senior Dramatic Society

Polytechnic Society, Ohio State

"Deaf to mad ambition's call."



FRED E. PADDOCK,

Central High

Agricultural Course, Purdue

"Sighing like a furnace."



FRANK GOLDBERG,

Civil Engineering, Case

"Tie his hands and he is speechless."



ALVIN F. NIENHUSER,

Chairman Junior Social Committee

Mechanical Engineering, Case

"I am the very pink of courtesy."



SEWELL H. B. VAUGHN,
Base Ball

Central High

"I am not in the common role of man."

WILLIAM F. HIRSH,

"He has an honest heart."

HOMER CRUIKSHANK,

South High

"A soul without a single thought."

EARL WEAVER,
Base Ball

East High

"It is a wise father that knows his own child."



CARL A. KURTZ,

Electrical Engineering, Case

"Gloomy as night he stands."

RUTH MEALY,

"Is she not passing fair?"

RALPH OSBORNE,

Glenville High

Track Team, Case

"If flunk we must, the Lord's will be done."

STUART H. COWIN,

South High

Valedictorian

Electrical Engineering, Case

"Beware the fury of a patient man."



JOHN A. TILDEN,

"A hit, a very palpable hit."



MAUD ROSS,

Western Reserve University

"Zealous yet modest, patient of toil."



CARL E. WERNER,

"Awake! arise! or be forever fallen!"



HARRY ORR,

Case

South High

"A rival to sunshine."



ELMER RUECKE,

Bradley Polytechnic Institute
Manual Training Teacher

"It is better to wear out than to rust out."



JOHN C. YARD,

Glenville High

Base Ball
Basket Ball, Case

"His hardest task was to get a girl."



EDWARD BLIZIL,

Mechanical Engineering, Case

"I cannot tell what the dickens his name is."



CHARLES VLACH,

South High

Springfield Physical Training School

"Thank goodness! a man at last."



FLORENCE BURKE,

"The mildest manner and the gentlest heart."



MILTON KRAUSE,

Foot Ball

"May your shadow never grow shorter."



ARTHUR BLACKWELL,

East High

Polytechnic Society

Dramatic Society

Forum

Annual Board

"I don't believe she's met me."



CARL P. LINDER,

Lincoln High

Forum

"A nice fuzzy wuzzy one."



HERBERT SCHILLING,

"Let thy words be few."



EARL FLOOD,

Manager Track, '09

President Senior Class, '09

President Forum, '11

Annual Board, '10

"Every inch a gentleman."



JAMES ROSENBERG,

*"The surest way to hit a woman's heart is to take
aim kneeling."*



STEPHEN TOMSOVICK,

Orchestra

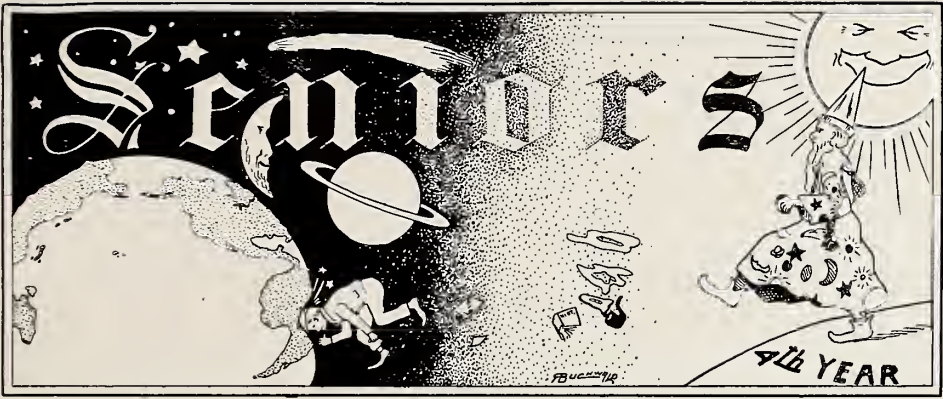
"For discords make the sweetest airs."



VICTOR COLE,
Oberlin College, Music

Glenville High

"Wide ears and short tongue."



THERE was in the land of King Barker a tribe which took unto itself the name Sophomores. Now it came to pass that the people of this tribe were refugees from the lands of King Harris, King Rannels and King Ruetenik who, becoming sore vexed under the ruling of these kings and thinking themselves mechanically inclined, had come to be sheltered and comforted under the ruling of King Barker.

But soon the rules of the aforementioned king began to work evil among some of the refugees, especially in two—Little True and David, insomuch that they began to spread the bad spirit among their brethren. How be it, this band became so unruly that it was impossible for King Barker to do anything with them.

But one day this one David became insubordinate to that Prince Frost, who being of a fiery nature immediately called for King Barker and said unto him "This one David has been very loathsome to my sight and, for the good of all, I would have him taken from our flock." David was at once put away from our midst. The days of the remainder of this band of conspirators were numbered and they too soon followed the beloved David and are now feeding under the parental roofs of their fathers who have given so bountifully to them.

Now be it known that in the beginning this tribe of so-called sophomores chose for their leader that one Bill Foster, but he did not that which was right in the eyes of his followers so they agreed

he was unworthy of the throne. Then one day following, this tribe raised up an adversary unto Bill Foster, Barger, the swell dresser, who was made leader. He rules over his people to this day.

Now this year being the third year we called a meeting of our brethren so as to gather together the fruit which had grown the year before and in order to begin the erecting of our City of Knowledge which was yet to be done.

Now be it understood that in this year of Peace and Happiness many new and interesting things happened under the rule of Barger as he set apart three clubs, the Forum, Polytechnical and Palladium societies which were to select their members from the children of this tribe of sophomores who have risen to be the tribe of Seniors.

Many feasts were made in these societies during the year and many things were done which if they were written every one, I believe this book could not contain them.

Now be it understood that members of the Forum were a peculiar people, who took unto themselves the duty of the promoting of wordy battles. Howsoever, the seed of this body was not sown broadcast for after one contest they remained forever silent and here endeth the history of the Forum.

There was in one of these clubs about this time, one Esther who became infatuated with Paul, better known to his admirers as the Roman Athlete. And these two children became attached inso-much that they no longer cared to eat of the lunch which King Barker provided for them but would stroll to Auditorium where they would sit and gaze into space.

Now, there were in this aforementioned tribe a few who became very rebellious and challenged a chosen few from King Smiley's land to wordy battle, and during this uprising much time was spent preparing for the battle. But on the night of the attack King Barker's men became sore afraid and were slain by the warriors from the Isle of Black and Gold. Now it came to pass that one of King Barker's Knights who had trained these men for their wordy

contest had come to hear them battle and was enamoured with a black-haired Princess, the one who held highest place in King Barker's court, insomuch that he asked to assist her home. After getting her consent they went straightway to the car and started on their homeward journey. But it seemed, however, that during the journey, this brave knight forgot about his fair princess and when he awoke found that she had deserted him. He at once became sore afraid thinking he would be made to suffer for his neglect, and immediately put out in search of her. He hunted all night long but in vain. The following day, however, he was informed by his Superior, King Barker, his fair one had arrived safely home but that he would have to do penance for his unpardonable act.

Now there was in King Barker's land an Earl who took unto himself the task of training the men to perform great feats. These men would go into other lands and test their strength on the inhabitants there found who would compete with them. And there were in this tribe of Seniors a few who became very clever in the art of playing Basket Ball, a game played much in this land to amuse the people.

How be it to the team winning two out of three games there was a stein given which was kept full and whose contents were for the cooling of the players during the game. How be it these honored ones received sweaters for their victories, and there were many prophecies made upholding the oratory work of the rewarded Athletes.

Now it came to pass that during the last year many brilliant men have been found among our flock, especially one Ashworth, who being guided by that Prince Short in the arduous work which he was compelled to do in Trigonometry, obtained an average of Minus U and passed the subject as honorably as any of his fellow class mates.

Now there dwelt in the room two hundred and thirteen, a remarkable body of men who by their surplus knowledge of the ways and surroundings of the institution were continually getting into trouble with their Captain, an officer appointed by King

Barker to watch over them. Now these men being mostly from the Emerald Isle, worked evil with their Captain who hailed from the land of Sauer Kraut. And one day while the people of the whole land were assembled and were making merry, this unruly band became enthusiastic over a game of ball in which they had been victorious, insomuch that the anger of their Captain was kindled and he swore that they would suffer for their rashness.

However, in order to accomplish his vengeance he threw his men into captivity and deprived them of Monday morning worship during the remainder of his reign.

As this year is the last for this tribe of Seniors in the land of King Barker, they have taken it unto themselves to publish a book in which to leave a record for those who will soon be in their stead. In this book may be found the many incidental doings which have come to pass during the history of the tribe.

RICHARD GREER.



Class Prophecy

YES, yes, I hear, n—no I am not hurt. Why, Doc Morrow, what are you doing here? What's the matter? How old you look, what has happened?"

"Everything is all right, Bill, your experiment was a success."

"Yes, of course, I knew it would be, but why am I in this strange room?—Yes, I see that all my apparatus is here, but it has been moved."

"I'll explain: Fifty years ago today you set up this apparatus in the new electrical laboratory under Mr. Hawkins' care. You remember that you worked all that term trying to renew the tired brain cells so as to eliminate sleep, by the use of a high frequency machine. This night you waited till all had left, then you set the automatic cut out for one minute, and then put on a hood, but unfortunately you depended upon one of our electric clocks; you should have known that they could not be depended upon, even for one minute. You were found an hour and a half later by Mr. Hawkins as he returned from the teachers' meeting. It was estimated that you would lie in a stupor for fifty years, so they built this house up here on the mountain. I have been here for a week waiting for this time so we could take a trip together, to recover your strength. The doctors agreed that a fast plane trip was the best tonic you could take.

"Just a year ago I went back to that old school to look up the class of 1910 so I thought I might be of use to you in looking up your friends of 1911."

"You certainly can; there is nothing I would like better than to get back among those fellows that stood by me in exam's; why I would almost be willing to let some of the teachers flunk me, if that class could come together once more, * * * * that was a foolish stunt of mine to depend on those clocks, but they had run almost fifteen minutes and I thought that the hoodoo had been discovered at last, by that New York expert, who was working on them at the time."

"No, he did not find it, but Leavenworth fixed them in about three days after he took control. But come, man, eat something and put on these clothes; were you to go out in that suit you would block traffic."

"Getting into the clothes is all right, but you don't mean to say that all I can have is that tablet and a glass of water? Man, I'd starve."

"No you won't, people now days eat only once a week and most of them do not eat as much as you have there; Linder and Burton discovered that method of condensing food."

"Guess I had better pull these tags off, people will,—good land! they bear the name of Jaskulek and Goldberg, 'Fine Clothes.' You don't mean to tell me that they are the same two that were at Tech?"

"Yes, they control most of the clothes made in our town; they began with dealing in rags."

"Well, here goes this tablet. If I don't live, charge my funeral expenses to Lindner and Burton."

"Don't worry, it won't hurt you. I have eaten boxes of them."

"Come on, let's be off, I have spent more time here now than I wanted to, but it seems as if I did not have much to say about it."

"Just got a new plane the other day and it runs fine; the other one I had was a Ludick model equipped with a Barger motor. Barger has made light motors for planes ever since the Deter storage battery replaced gasoline autos."

"Come on man, you don't mean to tell me that Barger ever changed to planes. Why, when he was at school an auto was the only thing that could keep him happy. But did you say a Ludick model? Did he succeed in becoming a member of the Right Staff of Flyers? I know that was the height of his ambition."

"Yes, Ludick has taken over the Wright plant at Dayton and transferred it to Cleveland. He has made several improvements;

come out here and I will show them to you. You see they had to find a way to cut down the resistance of the air, so instead of having cloth planes braced with wire, he found that if you had steel fine enough it would be stronger and lighter than any fabric; also they could do the bracing between the sheets of steel and thus the head resistance would be cut to about one-tenth. He also put the gyroscope in the plane, so now it will stay in the air even if you walk out on one of the rudders. Warren invented the way to use the gyroscope in planes but Ludick was the first to apply it."

"Say, that electric motor is a fine piece of work, but does it run this machine? Where do you get your power? That motor looks like a quarter H. P., this must be a slow machine. Can you rise any place or do you have to run along the ground? How do you determine your speed?"

"Hold on there, one thing at a time. This motor was designed by John Yard; instead of being a quarter H. P. it is rated at 200 and is good for fifty per cent overload. Now for the power, you notice that all upper halves of the planes are covered with what looks like a white paste, well, that is aluminum sponge; directly under is another sheet of platinum sponge, the two sheets together are only 1-1000 of a cm. in thickness, but we have a large area; see those three long tubes forming the frame work? Well, those are filled with gases that act the same as the plates in the old storage batteries, only when those tubes are fully charged they just balance in air at sea level, but they store enough power to run this machine for three days steady. Any time that sunlight reaches these planes covered with this metal sponge, it automatically charges the tubes, so you very seldom have to look to your power. As to the speed, this is a slow machine, only the government has high speed machines. This one, however, will travel about 500 K. M. per hour without crowding; if you go faster than that it soon gets to a place where it is not safe, for although electricity has made it impossible to run into any other machines, the strain of turning so quickly reduces the life of the plane."

"I won't say I can't believe it because fifty years ago all this was the faintest dream, but fifty years before that, Verne's prophecies were only a dream, so the wonders go on increasing by squares."

"Yes, that's about it only I would say they were increasing by cubes. Ready? Hold on there, here we go—It is better on the machine to take about a six foot run, but in a pinch you can rise directly from the ground."

"This is the first time I ever rode in a plane, but it seems natural. Look at those trees down there, they all seem to be laid out in order; what makes them so even?"

"After the Ballinger-Pinchot controversy, the government paid no attention to forests for about ten years. Then Cowin wrote a book explaining why there should be a highly trained man to look after the forests, so they sent to Tech for advice. Tech recommended William Ward who, having been with Mr. Knirk for five years, easily secured the position and started this great system by setting out none but useful trees and putting them only in places where they could be used."

"Say, how do people travel when they are on the ground?"

"Well, now a business man never travels on the ground, if he can help it, but the people that do travel on terra firma have electric motor cycles. Vaughn discovered a high tension motor that is built in the rim, and the storage battery in the frame; it is the same kind that they use on the planes only this one has to be charged about once every month. In going from place to place inside the large buildings pneumatic tubes are used almost altogether, but for carrying freight from city to city a monosail or electric truck is used. Treter made the monorail practical. He found a cheap way to make cars, so they are in general use now."

"Aren't there any of the old steam railroads in use now?"

"I think there is a double track from Berea to Painesville operated by Guentzler who owns most of the stock."

"What is that little white spot over there to the right?"

"That is Pittsburg. I should have told you that your house was in the mountains of North Carolina. We have avoided all the cities, first, because I wanted you to see your home town first, and next,

because above every city the air is full of planes and one has to watch where he is going or he will lose some of the joints of his plane."

"Are you sure you are right about that being Pittsburg? The last time I saw that town the buildings were all black with smoke."

"You will have to change your ideas about smoke, because you will see none of it. Why, even the people do not smoke. They found out long ago that that pleasure cost more in health than it was worth."

"Do any of the people have wings on their shoulders and crowns on their heads, and do they all die young?"

"You can make all the fun you like, but you will find it so."

"I beg pardon, but it did sound so strange to hear you say that no one smoked."

"Your pardon is granted. Get out that pair of glasses right above your head, we will be within sight of the city in about ten minutes and will take a sail around before we land."

"About how high will we be when we sail over the city?"

"Today there is a calm strata of air about one and one-half K. M. I think we will take that."

"What kind of glasses are these? I can make out what people are doing down there on the ground."

"They are called the 'Greer' glass."

"Is that the lake I can see off there?"

"Yes, and you ought to be able to see Cleveland. Yes, that's it. Now what's the matter, don't you like the looks of it?"

"Oh, the looks of it are fine but it is no larger."

"You hit it right there; it has fewer people living there now

than when you were there, but it is the third largest city in the United States. The amount of business is reckoned instead of the people now. The rapid means of travel brought about that change. Most of the people live from ten to a hundred miles away."

"People did get back to simple life. The only way you could get back to simple life fifty years ago was to eat 'Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes.'"

"You mean 'Saffold's Toasted Corn Flakes.'"

"Slow down the machine, I want to see the city."

"All right,—there now, how is this speed? Better? Now I will see what kind of a guide I can make of myself."

"You ought to make a good one, you seem to be able to talk."

"Passengers should not interrupt more than once every two minutes."

"Well, go ahead, I'm not saying anything."

"We are entering the city from the southwest, this section is called Lakewood. You will notice that all the houses of this section are of the same architecture, about the same size, but no two alike, and each has sunlight all around it. Also notice that trees are all alike; the streets all paved with the same material, the electric light and telephone wires are no more, the phones being wireless and of the Scheppan type, and the arc lights changed to the More system, which was greatly simplified by Schmidt.

"We are coming to what used to be that tough section called the West Side, you will notice the houses have the same advantages as those in Lakewood, but the architecture is changed, this is so in every section of the city."

"Mr. Guide, please tell me, are the West Side Market House, Union Depot, High Level Bridge and Group Plan completed?"

"Yes, they have been finished for years. The depot is used for

the monorail, and the West Side Market House has been remodeled into a large hall where young orators may practice. Mr. Gates has that in charge."

"Ah, I knew he would be an orator or become famous. Tell me, have any of my friends from Miss Van Fleet's room distinguished themselves in the way of civic reform?

"Let me see,—Shively is Mayor and Bomonti is the one you have to thank for all the civic beauty in the way of trees, buildings, etc. He laid out the plan for the different sections."

"Bomonti always did have an eye for art."

"Oh! I have some good news for you. The Tech High Stock Company is playing at Barton's Hippodrome this week and quite a few of the leading parts are taken by the pupils of the old Tech's 1911 class. Interested now?"

"I should say I am, but are they not getting a little too old to play?"

"Say, man, have you been awake all this time and not noticed that people no longer grow old? I will explain later how Dr. Ashworth discovered a way to keep young. The reason I look older than most people is because I did not take the necessary treatment until I was thirty-two. I will explain about it as we go home tonight."

"Where do people put their machines when they come in town?"

"As we go down now, notice the top floor of every building; see, there is a landing on the roof and one on the side. The planes always land on the platform on the side, and leave from the roof. Well, just watch a minute and I'll show you how it is done."

"When you pull that lever, does that loosen both the wings?"

"Yes, then they fold back so they take up no more room than a large auto did."

"That's a good stunt."

"Come on, the show starts in fifteen minutes; stand on the platform marked Euclid Ave. and throw the lever over."

"What is this, a weighing machine?"

"Try it and see."

"Say, man, don't you ever try that again; what do you think I am, a bundle in a department store? Don't stand there laughing, I mean it."

"Why, Bill, that was only a pneumatic tube."

"Say, but you go through there with some speed, don't you?"

"That one is not as fast as some they have around town. Stand there till I see what seats I can get."

"Wait a minute, Doc, I believe that is John Barton over there. I'm going to talk to him. Hello there, Johnny, what are you doing around here? You act as if you owned the place."

"By the ghost of Hamlet, if it isn't Bill Clark. Come on in, I am holding a box for you. Some one said it was time for you to wake up."

"Here my boy, show these gentlemen box A, and see that they want for nothing. Go on, Bill, I will see you after the performance."

"Say, Doc, there is some class to John."

"Yes, he draws the largest houses this side of New York."

"Here's your program."

"I haven't time to read it now; it spoils half the fun when you know what's coming, and the music has started and the lights will go out when I am about—"

"That's excuse enough, but have you noticed our friend Dankworth down there?"

"What, that white haired fellow leading the orchestra?"

"Where's the usher—Here boy, take this note down to the orchestra leader. I asked him to come up after the show. I wonder if he comes late any more?"

"No, Dankworth is a prompt and sedate gentleman; he leads the orchestra one-half the day and composes music the other. Why, he doesn't even talk to the young girls any more."

"Poor Danky."

"What do you think of Feather as a jumper?"

"Just about as good as he used to be at jumping classes."

"Well, look at Helen Falls and Lois Abell; I knew they were supposed to sing with the Girls' Glee Club, but I did not think they would go on the stage."

"Yes, and this is their second grand tour of the world."

"Why even this house applauds. I guess we are poor judges of music. No, they won't come out again."

"Here comes the head liner, and by all the saints! if it isn't Edna Roehl. I see where we have to stick up for our old school mates. Where's that usher again,—Yes, come here; take this and get me a bunch of flowers. Hurry!"

"You don't seem to have forgotten how to get things you want."

"Oh, I never did get everything I wanted; always enough to keep me trying to get more."

"I have an idea—"

"Go on, man, who'd a thought it?"

"Well I have. You see my plane holds two and John's hold three; well, there will be just five of us to meet here in the box. Tomorrow is Sunday. Well, we can have a week-end party out at my place where you can talk over old times to your heart's content."

"Doc, you're a trump."

"I know some others who will be just as pleased as you are."

"Whom do you mean, Danky?"

"Guessed it first thing, of course. You don't have to guess the other one."

"We are missing part of the show. Look at Blackwell, playing the part of the leading man. I bet Danky is biting his lips to keep from saying things. See Victor Cole playing the part of the Mexican. The last time I saw him his mother was taking him down to have his picture taken for the 'Annual.' And Lillian Koehler, the Indian maiden. Some class to the versatile attainments of our classmates; Weisenberger taking the part of 'Dad Oakly.' I wonder if he feels as ancient as he looks?"

"Yes, but the play ends as they all do—'God bless you, my children.'"

"Good! These flowers came just in time. Did you see the surprised look on her face when she saw who threw them?"

"I should think she would be surprised, any one that will play the 'Rip Van Winkle' stunt on the public at this age deserves to be put in a museum."

"Please, don't rub it in, Doc. If it had not been for those old clocks, I suppose I should have been just like any one else, but it can't be helped now."

"No offense, Bill;—Notice our little 'Spanish dancer' down there."

"Rita DeBrown! She did turn out to be a dancer. I should think German plays and Spanish Dancing would not go very well together."

"Oh, she stopped the German plays; one seemed to be enough for her."

"There come our three little maids from school; they seem to be just as beautiful as ever; the only difference that I can see is that they have been in the flour barrel a little deeper, but I suppose femininity will never get away from that."

"I think you are inclined to knock a little;—Their dancing isn't so bad."

"No, it's a great deal better than I thought they could do."

"Bill, stop! you're the only one in the house applauding."

"By Jove; you're right, but that's a shame. One or two might have given them a hand."

"Let me see, who's next? 'The Ones that Were,' Jeannette Gaines and Miss McCall. That's queer, I was just talking to one of the fellows the other day, he said the reason they went on the stage was because they were disappointed in love, and to get even with the world they were making it witness their acting."

"Hardly believe that's the reason, for they always had Hitz and hits enough while they were at school, especially Miss Gaines."

"I guess this finishes it, does it not? My! the fellows up in the gallery are going wild. They had to come back three times."

"Here comes John, he's prompt, isn't he?"

"Well, what did you think of the show; quite an idea of mine to get all Tech High graduates, wasn't it? Never saw a thing draw so well in all my life. Even had the program filled with Tech High adds only."

"Sh, John! here come Edna and Danky."

"Did you get a note, too? I wonder who's playing the joke on us?"

"I don't know who it could be—"

"Bill! by the master piece of Beethoven! Is this a ghost from heaven or from—"

"No, Danky, I am neither from heaven nor from Painesville, but from the hills of North Carolina, and you, Edna, look the same."

"Is it really you? Why when I read the note I thought it was some joke."

"How in the world do you happen to be here, none of us believed you would come out of that sleep."

"I slept till my time was up and then Doc brought me here."

"What did you think of my act? Goes along smoothly, doesn't it?"

"Yes, it took fine."

"It would not amount to much if it were not for the music. I composed that piece that was used at the last. It makes you feel as if you were out West, all right, doesn't it?"

"I should say it did, I could see the Indians racing up and down."

"That was the acting, not the music."

"Here, now, I have agreed with both of you and neither one is satisfied. Call it a draw, Doc Morrow has something to suggest."

"Yes, you four are coming out to my house to stay over Sunday. Don't plead previous engagements, or don't start thanking me. We had better start just about now. You two go with John and Bill and I will follow in my plane. Do your talking after we get there."

"We'll have to get our wraps."

"All right, we'll start in five minutes."

"Well, Bill, what do you think of it all?"

"Think of it? I've hardly had time to think, even if I were in the habit, but I can see where a technical education has gone be-

yond the hopes of its admirers; where the greatest wants of the age were supplied and supplied freely. Why, as far as I can see, or have had time to see, there has been nothing of importance accomplished without the aid of a Tech graduate. Of course, I can not say these things would never have happened, but it would have taken years longer. Anybody would think I was talking for a prize at the 'Boys' Exposition.' I believe I hear them calling, don't I?"

"Yes; all right we are coming! Got everything? Well, come on then, for it's about time that we were home."

WILLIAM CLARK.

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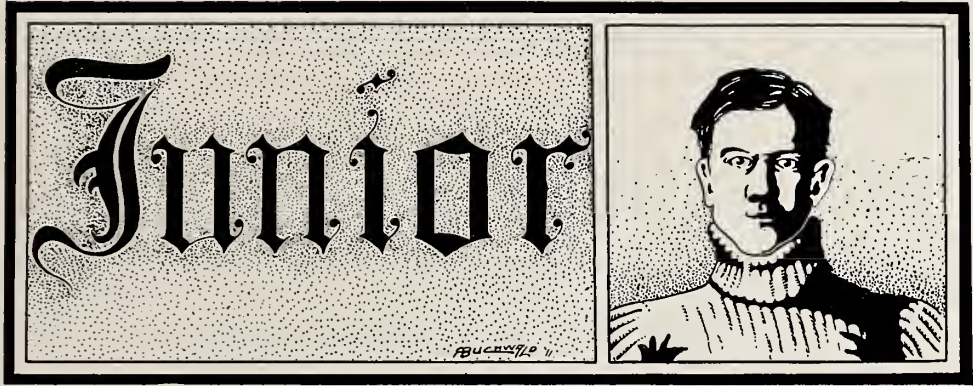
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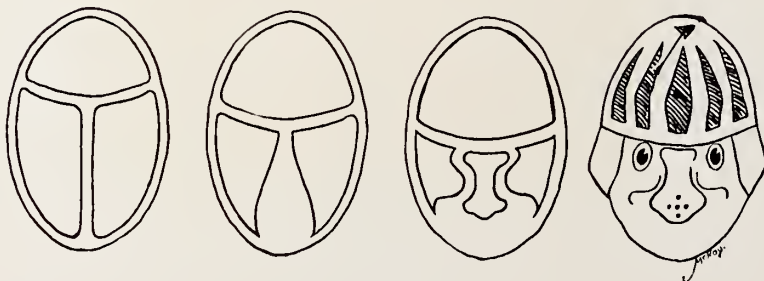
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Woodturning

WOODTURNING is taken by every Tech High student (providing his name isn't Florence or the like) during his freshman year. This, combined with cabinet making, prepares him for patternmaking in his sophomore year.

It is in the woodturning shop that the student first becomes acquainted with machinery and its "don'ts". Sleeves ripped off on the live center, hands pinched in the pulley, fingers stoved on the rest, are among the penalties inflicted upon the weary "flat" if he stands at his lathe, tool in hand, wistfully dreaming about the ball game. One week of such a dilemma usually suffices for he soon learns to respect machinery in general and his work in particular, much the same as he does Mr. Short. One careless "cut" and—!!!!!!!!!!—"?" "?" "?"

The first month of the course is spent in learning the various cuts. A series of three exercises, involving all the cuts employed in spindle-turning, are required of every student before he really earns a "U" for that eventful month.

The second month's work includes a series of four handles, a darning ball, a gavel, and a paper file. The handles give practice in the accurate shaping of irregular forms. Polishing by rubbing down shellac is also introduced on the handles. Beginning with the darning ball, all the models are made from blue-prints of original drawings and it behooves the ambitious designer to anticipate a method of turning his ideal before he sprinkles his drawing with India ink, assisted by French curves and ruling pens.

The third month is devoted entirely to face-plate turning. A picture frame, pin tray, bowl and match safe or napkin ring constitute the required work for this month. Face-plate turning is a graft compared with spindle turning and only one little puny month of face-plate turning,—by the way, did you ever find a graft in any shop at this bloomin' school that lasted very long? If you have, let me know; I want to specialize.

FRANCIS FORQUER.

Applied Art

THE course in Applied Art teaches us to be closer observers, thereby increasing our appreciation of the world about us and developing our imaginations. This enables the students to become more appreciative of the practical as well as the beautiful. It is necessary that we learn to know and appreciate good design and color harmony in art or in nature. "Design is the name of the process by which beautiful things are produced. It involves perception, reason, judgment, taste and skill, all seasoned with common sense." In constructive design the use of the object dictates to some extent the shape and size. Decorative design aims to achieve beauty while it adds interest to construction.

The general divisions of the course in Applied Arts are representation, construction, and decoration. Under representation such objects are studied as plant form, still life, and figure drawing, worked out with pencil in outline and mass, charcoal, colored crayon, water colors and a combination of charcoal and watercolors. All of these are taken from nature.

The making of a piece of pottery illustrates the construction side of drawing. The working drawings are made and the clay



modeled according to the shape designed. The suggestion for its ornamentation may be taken from plant or animal forms and by broadening or elongating the unit of design may be made to fill the desired space. When finished the unit should be beautifully proportioned so that having lost its naturalistic details it does not seem to be a natural form pulled out of shape. The design is stenciled and copied on Japanese rice paper. It is then very easily traced on the damp clay and carved out. The clay product is then fired and glazed.

Stenciling is one means of producing beautiful decoration. Some suggestions for the unit for stenciling may be taken from plant or animal forms. This unit may be so repeated as to form a border or an all-over pattern. If the unit repeated or un-repeated is not sufficient to fill the whole of the desired space, we may add several conventional forms to this unit. If desired, bi-lateral units may be produced. The design is traced on stencil paper and this passed through hot paraffine. The parts of the design are cut out and the pattern is applied to any desired material by painting through the openings.

The work of the first year covers the sketching and analysis of plants, fruits, vegetables, seed pods, animals and insects, the conventionalization of these plant details into motifs of design, the constructing of portfolios and the making of pottery. The motifs of design are conventionalized in the square, oblong, circle, triangle or hexagon and are used in making decorative borders and surface patterns. The constructing of portfolios involves some of the principles of bookbinding. They are lettered, and decorated by application of some of the forms previously conventionalized.

In the second year motifs from nature are converted into borders and surface patterns. The subject of stenciling is studied in several ways. Ideas for interior decoration of a home are discussed and many sketches in color are made of parts of the house and, finally, a perspective drawing of a room and furnishing is executed in studied colors.

The third year's work comprises landscape composition, lettering, illuminating, metal work, leather work, and pose drawing. In

metal work, desk sets, letter holders, paper knives, bowls, trays, sconces and lampshades are made. In leather work such articles as table mats, music folders, shopping bags, card cases and purses are made. The medium of pose drawing may be water colors, charcoal, pencil, or colored crayons. It is treated as representative or decorative rather than anatomical life drawing.

In the fourth year a specialization of any of the arts is permitted.

MARIE HINES.



Pattern Making

BEFORE a student can take the course in pattern making he must have had one term of woodturning and two terms of cabinet making, and must also have a little knowledge of the foundry. A thorough understanding of drawings is necessary and if the student knows something of machine shop work, it will be a great help to him.



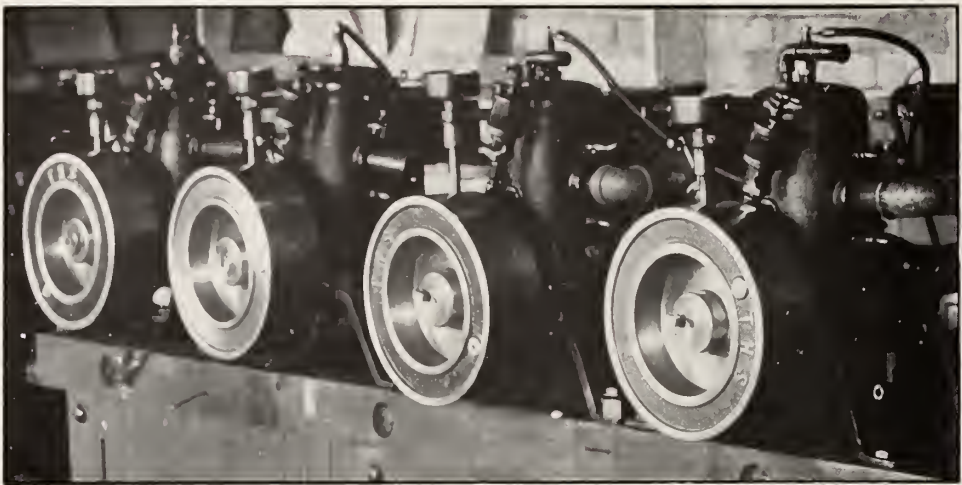
The course in pattern making is divided into three parts. The first is the elementary course which alternates every other day with the foundry; the second is the advanced course and the student may elect the third if he wishes to specialize in this subject.

In the elementary course the first principles of pattern making are mastered. The first pattern, the paper knife, is a study of draft. Draft is the taper on a pattern which enables it to be drawn out of the sand without any of the sand clinging to it. The student must decide on the best way of drawing the pattern out of the sand and put it on the draft accordingly.

When most metals cool they contract; therefore, shrinkage must be allowed for in laying out a pattern. Also, if a casting is to be machined, there must be enough metal in the casting so that some can be taken off and the finished piece still be up to size. This extra metal is known as finish. The planing strip which was the second pattern was a study of shrinkage, finish and draft.

Some patterns can be molded much more easily if they are split pattern and, if a number of molds are to be made from a certain pattern the pattern is usually made split in order to save time in the foundry, although it takes a little longer to make a split pattern than a solid one. The split pattern that was made was the two pound dumb-bell.

The next study was a green sand core pattern. A core does just the opposite of the work of a pattern. It is put into the mold after the pattern is withdrawn and keeps the metal from filling the space which it occupies, thus forming a hole in the casting. A green sand core is not, as the name might imply, made of green colored sand, but is simply a core which the pattern itself leaves in the mold. An example of this kind of pattern is the three pound quoit. The next pattern required a vertical dry sand core. A dry sand core is a core made in a core box and afterwards baked in an oven. The pattern made was the lathe face-plate. The last pattern in this course was the sleeve coupling. This pattern required a horizontal dry sand core.



In the advanced course the student takes up the more difficult problems. There is no foundry work in connection with this course so the student devotes all his shop time to the pattern shop.

The first pattern in this course was a concrete tamper, which required a vertical dry sand core supported from one end.

The next pattern, the jack screw, was a study of a horizontal

dry sand core supported from one end; and the third pattern, the pipe elbow, was a special application of this.

The drawings for these first three patterns were freehand sketches and made to scale on cross section paper.

The ratchet wheel which was the next pattern was a problem in laying out the teeth and cutting them with the band saw. The drawing for this and for the patterns that followed was a regular mechanical drawing of which a tracing and blue print were made. The gear blank, which came next was a study in the making of wheels, and the hand wheel, the sixth problem, was a special application of same. The tackle block pulley was another special application of the gear blank and also a problem in molding. The last problem was a simple machine which required two patterns embodying all the principles of the course. This ends the required course in pattern making. However, if the student wishes to go further he may specialize in this subject.

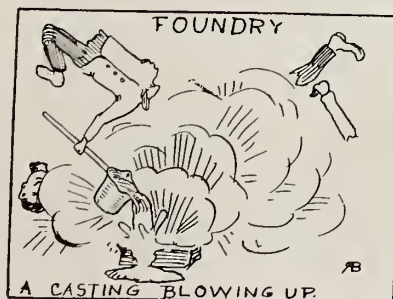
The special course takes up patterns first, for a lathe, second for an engine, and third general patterns.

The lathe patterns are 4 and 8 inch speed-lathes. The engine patterns are for a bicycle-engine, a stationary engine or a marine engine.

The bicycle engine is a $1\frac{1}{2}$ H. P. engine, capable of making 1500 revolutions a minute and developing a speed of about twenty miles per hour. Most of the boys make this engine. However, some make the stationary engine which is a 5 H. P. engine and one or two have made or are making the marine engine.

With the pattern making teachers we have now, Tech can hardly help being at the top of the list and if every fellow shows the right spirit and does his very best, Tech will have a name second to no Technical High School in the country.

WILHELM A. MOELLER.



Domestic Art

THE aim of this department is to enable a girl to make her own clothes and to teach her some of the many principles involved in dressmaking. This work is aided by the co-operation of one branch of the Art Department which is devoted to costume design. A definite course is given in the selecting of materials and designing of clothes.

The first thing a girl makes is her domestic science uniform consisting of an apron, a holder, a dish cloth, and a towel. Before the apron is bought, the different qualities and prices of materials are discussed, and the value of good judgment and economy is impressed upon the pupils. The design for the holder is made in the Art Department. The smaller article, besides its use as a preventive of burned fingers, is also valuable in teaching the girls a lesson in patience and perseverance. A sewing outfit is also made, consisting of a dainty ruffled apron, a bag and a pincushion. In making the apron the new subject of bias ruffling and facing is taken up, and the student learns how to use the hemmer. The next work is a set of underwear. Here tucking and inserting of lace are intro-





duced, also hemming and making of sleeves. The planning and spacing of lace and groups of tucks afford another problem to be developed in the class of costume design.

In the sophomore year the hanging of skirts is introduced by the making of a dainty petticoat and a seven gored skirt. Probably the most difficult part of the petticoat is the adjusting of the flounce which is a new problem. The shirtwaist furnishes another problem of spacing of tucks and the lingerie waist a problem of good design in hand embroidering, worked out by the girls.

After the waist a simple dress of some thin material, as dimity or lawn, is made. This involves all the principles taken up before in the making of waists and skirts.

During the first term of the junior year a wool dress is made according to the design worked out in the art room, where the practical as well as artistic side is discussed. The designs are simple but require care and concentration on the part of the girls. These dresses are all made of some light-weight wool material, such as serge or cashmere, and are trimmed with net, silk or velvet, while some of the others are trimmed with a braided design. During the

second and third terms, either a party dress or a linen suit are made, or a course in millinery is followed. The hats are designed in the art department. The girls are taught the making of wire frames, the making of buckram and straw shapes, and how to trim them artistically.

During the last year the girl makes her graduation gown and a set of hand made underwear. The underwear is beautifully embroidered in artistic designs and is sometimes marked with the owner's initials. The design of the dress is made in the costume design class and the girls are taught to keep it as simple and inexpensive as possible. Evidently a great deal of care and forethought are bestowed upon these garments as the rumor has been going around that these garments are to be worn on a still more important occasion in the girls' lives and are to be very carefully kept in their dower chests until the important occasion arrives.

RUTH DREMAN.



Cabinet Making

BEFORE any article is made in the cabinet shop a working drawing is made of it. Since every student designs his own furniture, cabinet drawing is taken in connection with regular cabinet shop work. All of the designs are original. Certain limitations as to size are given and from these the designs are worked out. When the assigned drawings are finished the boy may design something as an advanced problem,—a larger and more complicated construction—provided the shop teacher thinks he is capable of building it.

The outside dimensions of the article to be constructed are first determined upon and then the necessary views, front, sides and top are blocked in. The outlines of the object are drawn in heavy lines and the manner of joining the work is shown. When details, which cannot be shown in the drawing are necessary, they are placed to one side of the larger drawing. A lumber bill is made with the drawing telling the number of pieces, the kind and size required.

The final plan is made by tracing on a piece of transparent paper or cloth, the lines of the original drawing. This tracing is placed over a sheet of blue print paper and exposed to the sun for about 20 seconds during which the coating on the paper undergoes a chemical change. The paper is washed in water immediately and the lines of the tracing paper appear in white and the remainder in blue.

Now that the drawing is finished the student orders his lumber. This is done in just the same manner as at any mill or lumber yard. An order book is used having separate columns for length, breadth, thickness, board feet, cost per foot and total cost.

The stock is usually planed on the broad face and the face marked so that it will be used as a working face. A working edge is then planed and the other edge is marked off to correct width and planed to size. The ends are then squared to correct length.

All the joints are laid off with a marking gauge, or knife, as knife lines are more accurate than pencil lines. One of the most

common joints used in cabinet making is the mortise and tenon joint. The mortise is laid out with a marking gauge. This instrument consists of a bar with a spur or pin projecting through one end and has a sliding head which may be adjusted and fastened with a set-screw. For accuracy, measurements are always made from the pin to the head, although there is a scale on the side of the bar. After the marking gauge has been set, it is drawn along the piece to be marked with the spur scraping and the head held firmly against the side of the piece. This spur draws a line parallel to the edge of face from which the gauging is done. Mortise gauges have a second spur which may be adjusted any distance from the head or the stationary spur.

Another common method of joining pieces together is by means of dowel pins. All that is necessary in making a dowel joint is to lay off the centers for the holes equal distances apart and at correct distances from the edges. Holes are bored, using these points as centers, and wooden dowel pins are inserted with glue.

The woods most used in cabinet making are quartered oak and mahogany. Quartered oak is used on account of the hard white flake which runs across the grain of the wood. Oak is an open grained wood and the part which is not quartered takes a dark color while the flake absorbs but little of the stain. Mahogany is used on account of its close, yet pretty, grain. This close grain enables it to take a fine, smooth finish. It is as hard, if not harder, to obtain a smooth surface on mahogany than on quartered oak as the grain is usually very curly.

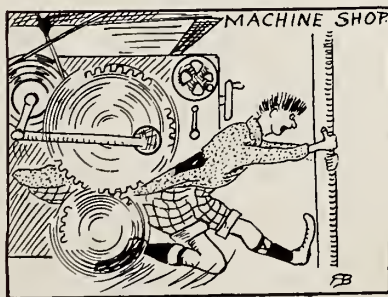
After the article made has been carefully smoothed it must be stained. Most stains have water, oil or a spirit as a base. The advantage of water stains are their penetrating qualities and the fact that they do not obscure the grain. The grain of the wood is raised by water stains but this may be remedied by wetting the wood after it is smoothed and sandpapering it down again after it is dry. Oil stains do not raise the grain but they are apt to conceal the grain if a dark stain is used. They do not penetrate as deeply as water stains.

After the wood has been stained it is filled. One way of

filling the grain is to apply a thin coat of shellac, and then when it has dried a few minutes, it is sandpapered with oiled sandpaper. Another more satisfactory filler is made by mixing whiting and turpentine. This is applied with a brush. After it has dried a few minutes it is rubbed off with cotton waste. Many other fillers have a different composition but are applied in the same manner.

The polishes are oil, wax and varnish. Oil is the most durable of these three as it will withstand both heat and water. Linseed oil mixed with benzine or turpentine is the most satisfactory oil polish. Several coats are applied and the work is rubbed hard and often after each application. Wax is the simplest to prepare and apply, but it will not withstand wetting and it mars easily. On the other hand, a new coat may be applied at any time and in this way a new finish is obtained. The varnishes most commonly used are oil and spirit varnishes. Shellac is a spirit varnish made by dissolving in wood or grain alcohol a resinous substance. Shellac is used as a basis for applying oil varnishes and as a varnish alone, but it is said to crack easily and therefore is not often used as such. In varnishing surfaces a thin coat of shellac is applied. When dry it is thoroughly sandpapered. This is followed by two or more coats of varnish. The last coat is usually rubbed down with pumice stone and oil and then rotten stone and oil. This gives the dull finish that is so extensively used on the furniture of today.

WILLIAM COLLINS.





Forging

THE simple operations in forging are squaring, fullering, swaging, off-setting, bending and flattening operations, which include the use of the common tools—the hammer, the anvil, fullers, the blacksmith's punch, swages and the hardie.

Forging differs from most arts in that practically no stock is lost, provided none is cut off or burned away. The iron is worked from one shape to another by drawing the metal out or forcing it back. If a piece of stock is too short and thick it may be drawn longer, thus reducing the thickness; if too long and narrow, it may be "upset" or forced back.

The chain-hook is forged from machine, or low carbon steel of stock $5 \times \frac{3}{4} \times \frac{1}{2}$ in. Steel is used as great strength is required and a good quality of wrought iron is seldom obtainable.

Usually, the first operation is squaring the best end of the stock to the sides, the piece being brought to a low yellow heat and then held on the anvil, where, by striking a blow of the hammer the high spots are forced down even with the depressions. By working first on the end and then on the sides a true, square end is obtained.

Great care is required never to overheat steel, nor to work it when it is too hot or too cold, as the actions set up in the metal result in a decarbonization and in flaws, which render it worthless.

The eye or ring that holds the hook to the chain, is next forged, in which operation the stock is first fullered around $1\frac{1}{4}$ in. from the

square end in the following manner: The stock is applied to the edge of the fuller, a tool held by the anvil, and by a blow of the sledge, on a similar tool held above, is grooved or fullered as desired. By working in the sides and edges a continuous groove is formed around the piece.

The end is then forged into a disc shape about 1 in. in diameter by $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick, flattened on the wide side of the stock. A $\frac{3}{8}$ in. hole is next punched (by a blacksmith's punch) through the flat side of the eye slightly below the center. To accomplish this the eye is heated and the hole is punched half way through leaving a dark spot on the other side directly below the punch, the darkness being due to absorption of some of the heat by the punch. Using this spot as a guide a clean hole may then be made through.

Next the eye is shaped into the form of a $1\frac{1}{8}$ in. ring with a hole $\frac{1}{2}$ in. in diameter. This shaping is done on the end of the anvil horn which rounds the inside while the hammer works the outside.

From the eye the remaining stock is drawn out, tapering from a diameter of 7-16 in. to one of 9-16 in. at distances respectively $\frac{3}{4}$ in. and $3\frac{1}{8}$ in. from the center of the eye, thence of same diameter to a length of $5\frac{1}{2}$ in. from center of the eye, the stock being first drawn out square then worked to octagonal, then rounded. In this way it is much easier to do the drawing evenly and also to avoid a twisting strain which otherwise would occur.

Any stock over this length should be cut off. Cutting is done on the hardie, a chisel-like accessory of the anvil, which gets its name from the fact that it cuts either hot or cold metal. Being rotated as it is struck upon, this is clearly cut off.

Next is forged the lip which is a projection on the end of the hook, used in locking it, by means of a link or cord, to an object from which a slackening of the chain might release it. In forging the lip, the piece is placed at right angles to the rounded edge of the anvil, overhanging it about $\frac{1}{4}$ in. The end is forged or forced down with the hammer and anvil, it is then swaged to about 5-16 in. in diameter, projecting 3-16 in.

At the lip end the piece is forged down to $\frac{3}{8}$ in. tapering back to 9-16 in. in diameter making the distance between the center of the eye and the lip $5\frac{3}{4}$ in.

The portion between the eye and the lip having been roughly down, not bent over, by the anvil. The lip is now rounded to smooth surface. Swaging is shaping by the swage, a tool composed of two parts. The bottom being held in the anvil, and the top in the hand.

The piece is next heated and bent into the form of a hook on the anvil horn; the lip extending out from the hook proper. This makes the length between the center of the eye and the inside of the hook $3\frac{1}{4}$ in. and the opening $\frac{7}{8}$ in. in diameter. The bottom of the hook is flattened, tapering from 7-16 in. on the inside to 3-16 in. on the outside, by $\frac{3}{4}$ in. wide; this adds strength which prevents bending. The shank is bent back and the lip end is thrown out so that the center line of the hook passes through the center of the eye.

Any scales that remain on the surface should be removed to give a neat appearance. This is done by bringing the hook to a red heat and scraping the surface while hot.

The hook is now ready to be smoked. It is placed over a smoky fire in which the surface becomes covered with carbon and tar; while still hot it is rubbed with oily waste; this forms a rust-proof coating and adds to the neat appearance.

WALTER S. GAINES.



The Laundry

SCENE: The Girls' Study Hall.

TIME: Between Periods.

CHARACTERS: A Freshman and a Junior girl.

F. G. Hello, there! Where did you get the waist?

J. G. What a question! Well, if you want to know, at a bargain sale.

F. G. You did! Why it's too cute for anything. But weren't you afraid of it?

J. G. Afraid of it! Why?

F. G. Why, that shade of blue fades so, don't you know?

J. G. Well, it hasn't yet and it's been washed a couple of times.

F. G. Well, I'm surprised.

J. G. Oh, of course I put it in vinegar and water before washing to keep the color in.

F. G. My, but you're the bright child!

J. G. Well, I should hope so. What's that spot on your sleeve?

F. G. Oh, that's some strawberry juice that I spilt on at lunch last week.

- J. G. And couldn't you get it out?
- F. G. Get it out! Why my dear, I used everything on it from peroxide to sour milk, and instead of coming out the thing got worse and worse and changed from red to this sickly green.
- J. G. That's too bad, but really you make me laugh.
- F. G. Well, laugh then, only I don't think it so funny to spoil a new waist.
- J. G. Oh! I'm not laughing at that, but at you for taking all the trouble to get the stain out when you might have washed it out with soap and water.
- F. G. Honestly? Well, isn't that too mean? But how do you happen to know so much?
- J. G. Oh, I'm taking laundry.
- F. G. Taking laundry! (laughs) How much do you charge a day?
- J. G. Never mind, you're just sorry because you can't take it.
- F. G. Me sorry! I should say not! I wouldn't take it for the world.
- J. G. Why not?
- F. G. Why should I want to be a wash woman?
- J. G. Silly! That has nothing to do with it.
- F. G. It hasn't? Well, what is it for?
- J. G. I can give you any number of answers to your question, but first I'm going to ask you one.
- F. G. Go ahead.
- J. G. You ironed your waist, didn't you?
- F. G. Does it look like it?
- J. G. No, only you see the back is wrinkled and I guessed that whoever ironed it, ironed the cuffs first.
- F. G. I did, but what difference does it make?
- J. G. Why, that wrinkles the body of the waist.
- F. G. Well, I never knew that before.

J. G. Em! Hem! and laundry is no good is it? and here, that stain is another good example. If you had taken laundry at Tech you could have gotten it out the first thing.

F. G. Oh! well, our washwoman can do that.

J. G. You think she can! Why, the last woman we had, tried to rub an ink stain out of one of my dresses with a lye solution. She got it out and the cloth too. So, you see they don't know any more than we do.

F. G. Good! What are some more reasons?

J. G. Well, you want to know what clothes to boil and what not to? You can save yourself lots of work by knowing what not to do.

F. G. I know it's very useful now, but then it's so tiresome.

J. G. There's where you are mistaken. You don't know how good you feel when you hang up a string of snow white clothes that were just filthy a while before.

F. G. From the way you talk it sounds rather nice. But isn't it hard on your hands?

Miss King. Girls, do you know the bell's rung?

J. G. (In a whisper) Well, I don't think laundry would hurt your hands.

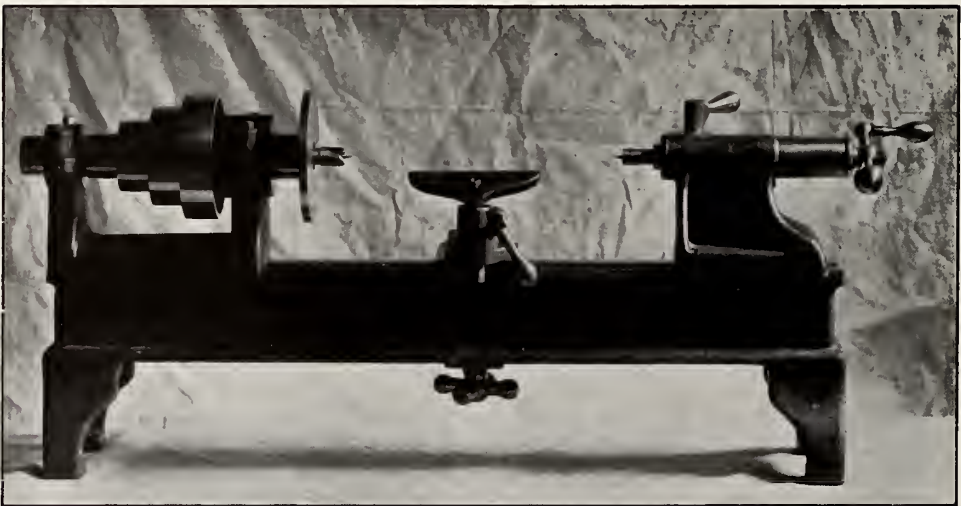
ALICE PADDOCK.





The Machine Shop

ALMOST everybody has stopped to ponder over the advancement of civilization in the past century, but few realize what an important part the machine shop has played and will continue to play in the improving of the conditions of life. The printing press, agricultural and electrical machinery, aeroplanes, automobiles, in fact everything that is a machine or the product of a

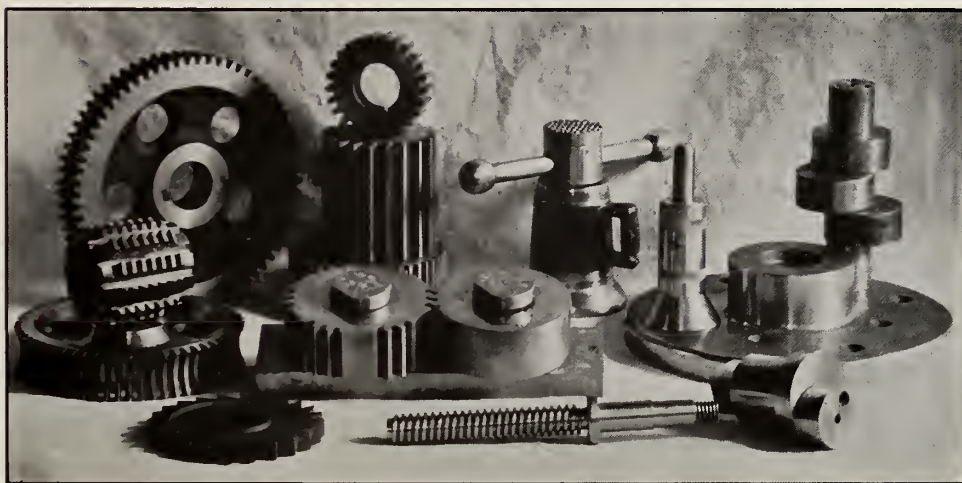


machine is the direct result of the machine shop. Without it all material things would still have to be made laboriously by hand.

The machine shop is the climax of the required technical work here and is usually looked forward to with no little anticipation. Practical applications of physics and mechanics are made in many forms. The design of a jack-screw, of the "Prony brake" and of "shrunk fits" are examples.

The branches of work cover everything from chipping and filing to tool making and the construction of a gas engine.

The equipment is up-to-date and complete in every respect. The numerous types of machines give the student a wide range of application. The shop does all the repair work of the school, but



is not run on a commercial basis, the products of the shop are not sold to outsiders to support the school. Instead, the pupil may obtain the finished article at the cost of the raw material. This encourages quality as well as quantity. Instead of paying for broken parts, the pupil makes new ones. These replaced parts often excel the commercial articles in quality and accuracy, because of the better material used and more time spent.

The work for the first term being compulsory, is made to fit into the scheme of general education. This covers a couple of useful bench pieces and a number of engine lathe exercises which require thread cutting and taper turning. The main object of the

required term is to give the student an idea of the difference between a planer and an engine lathe so that he will know the one from the other when he leaves Tech High. It also gives him a chance to decide whether he cares to specialize in this shop or not. If machine shop is selected he soon gets acquainted with the various machines and is put on work either for himself or for the school.

In connection with the advanced machine shop, shop mathematics is taken. This explains the tables and formulas commonly used and is of great help to the machinist.

If, during the summer, a boy works in a shop and makes good, he is given a full term's credit, the same as if he had attended school.

The aim of the course is to give the student the fundamental principles of machine shop practice, so that he may be able to meet any emergency when he leaves the school and is thrown upon his own resources.

WALTER S. DOXEY.





The Course in Table Service

THE first lessons in Domestic Science are cooking in individual amounts, i. e., enough food for one only. In the lessons in the serving course we cooked in practical quantities enough food for a family of ordinary size. This, of course, overcomes the criticism that the girls know how to prepare food for one only. We get practice also in the different kinds of meals: breakfast, luncheon, dinner and supper and the two kinds of serving, with, and without a maid. The formal service, serving with a maid, is used first because definite rules can be followed. The serving without a maid, informal, requires trained judgment, skill and adaption of methods to suit conditions and so is used later in the course.

Girls to take the part of host and hostess, men and women guests are chosen from the class each time to partake of the meal prepared. A different group is chosen each time so that every pupil has the chance to be one of the chosen four at some time during the term. Nothing connected with the dining-room service is done by outside help. The girls launder the table linen, set the table, polish the silver, select the dishes to be used, plan and cook the meal and wash the dishes.

The different meals are planned so as to be palatable, economical and to contain the proper nutritive value. Problems are given to the girls in planning well-balanced menus at a definite cost per plate. Some meals are prepared costing as little as ten cents per person, others as much as twenty-five cents. Indeed, it was a source of interest to the girls to see who can plan the most elaborate dinner for four persons at the total cost of one dollar.

The nutritive value of foods is studied at some length so that the girls can have an intelligent notion of the quantities of foods that should be prepared and of the foods that should be combined to form a well-balanced meal. It has been found that when foods are assimilated they are burned, oxidized, or changed by a similar process. When foods burn they produce heat. The heat thus given off is readily changed into energy or power to work. Hence, by knowing the quantity of heat that is given off by a certain quantity of food burning, an idea of the nutritive value or of the energy that the food will give to the body is obtained. The unit by which heat is measured is the "great" calorie which is approximately the quantity of heat required to raise the temperature of water through 4 degrees F. By knowing the weights and quantities of foods prepared and by using certain data prepared by expert scientists, the girls are able to determine the fuel or food value of a meal.

Then, by means of certain tables and having their own weight and height the girls calculate their own dietary standards of the quantities of food that individuals should consume daily. The dietary standard of an average girl (twelve years) is approximately 1200 great calories; that of an average sized woman 1900 great calories. Thus by comparing these standards with the fuel value of a meal that has been planned, cooked and served, the students can tell whether or not that meal is furnishing sufficient nutrition. These calculations require a great deal of figuring, but since some of the problems are solved in mathematics classes, the work is accomplished and the student has definite ideas of the nutritive value of different foods.

Finally, the class is given a most practical and quick method of diet calculation, called the "one-hundred calorie method." In certain tables are given the quantity of foods that will produce one

hundred calories. For example, a bowl of soup, a couple of graham crackers, a cup of cocoa, a slice of "home made" bread, a pat of butter, one banana, one shredded wheat biscuit, a glass of milk, one egg, etc., etc., will each yield one hundred great calories. An authority has estimated that a day's rations should be divided in this way: one-third for breakfast, one-fourth for luncheon, five-twelfths for dinner. According to the above, therefore, a breakfast of shredded wheat biscuit and milk, a cup of cocoa or milk and a banana would be sufficient for a child of twelve years or thereabouts. For an average sized woman, a luncheon of a bowl of soup, a slice of bread, a pat of butter, a cup of cocoa and an orange or a banana would yield the proper nutrition.



By this practical method it is an easy matter for the girls to count up the fuel values of their meals for several days and thus determine how near their diet approaches the ideal.

In serving there are three different methods: two formal and one informal. (1) Russian, in which the individual portions of foods are placed before the guests, the waitress placing the foods at the right side of the one to be served; (2) German, in which the foods are separated into individual quantities and passed to the guests, the waitress at the left, so that the one to be served may with his right hand easily place the food before him. These two methods

are used for formal occasions. The English method is used when serving without a maid, for informal and family service. With this method the foods are served at the table, "the host serving meat and fish, the hostess serving soups, salads and dessert."

We acquire most practice in serving without a maid, the hostess always arranging everything so as to be most convenient. Foods to be served hot are kept so in the warming oven until ready for use, those to be served cold kept in the refrigerator. The side table is placed at the right of the hostess within easy reach. Articles are put on the table till ready for use—silver, sugar and cream, clean dishes, the water pitcher, etc. Dishes that have been used and those which contain food not unpleasant to the eye, are placed on the side table to save the hostess many steps to and from the kitchen. A plate with folded napkin is passed and each one crumbs the space before him himself. A napkin is preferable as it does no injury to the table linen in any way and collects no germs as does a brush.

To be a successful housewife is not so easy as it may seem. The cooking must be attended to. The food must be prepared in the most palatable and pleasing style. As a waitress she must see that the table is arranged properly, that all the foods are just where they ought to be and that no one wants for anything. She must be a pleasing hostess if the meals are to be at all successful, neat and attractive in appearance as well as bright and cheery in conversation. It is she that must see to it that there is not a dull moment at the table.

Before a meal the hostess must oversee everything so that she will not have to get up every few minutes for things she has forgotten. Are the foods to be served hot, in the warming oven with the plates needed for them? Will everything to be served cold be so when ready for it? Is there enough silver out? Is everything placed correctly and is the table completely set? If questions of this sort asked of herself are favorably answered, the meal will be a pleasant one.

The appearance of a table has a great deal to do with the success of the meal, cleanliness and neatness playing an important part. The table linen should be spotless and well laundered. The

table cloth should be laid straight and smooth over the silence pad. When using a center piece it should be placed in the exact center of the table. Napkins, simply folded, are laid at the left of the plates. The carving cloth and tea cloth when used are placed in the center of the end of the table. Silver is placed in the order of its use—that to be used first being farthest to the left or right, as the case may be, and about one inch from the edge of the table. The sharp edges of knives are turned toward the plates, forks and spoons have their tines and bowls turned up. Forks to be used alone are laid at the right of the plate, those used with the knives to the left. Glasses are placed beyond the tip of the knife. The bread and butter plates are placed just beyond the tines of the forks, the butter spreaders being laid across the plate so as to be easily accessible. Salts and peppers are so stationed that two may use them. To have these few underlying principles at the tip of ones' tongue seems very difficult, but after the second or third lesson in serving they come as easy as saying the table of sevens.

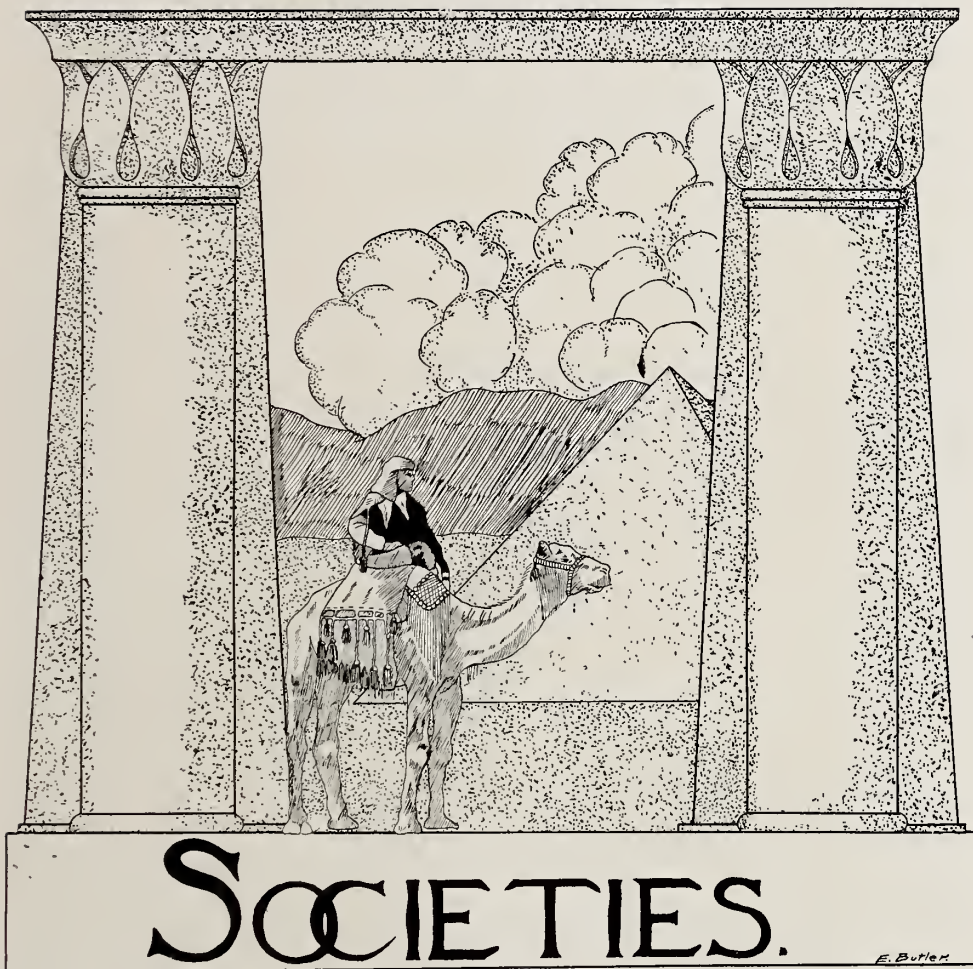
The table decorations and the daintiness of dishes are by no means secondary points. If flowers are used they should be of the kind whose stems do not readily decay and should be tastefully arranged in a harmonizing vase, rather low, not towering above the rest of the articles. Fruits and olives are often placed on the table at the beginning for decorative effect. These should all harmonize with each other.

Dishes with simple designs are much more dainty than those overladen with color. The color of the dishes should be in harmony with the food. A red dish containing lettuce or olives would not be the least bit pleasing.

Can anything please one more than to sit down to a snowy white table having pleasing color effects with fruit and flowers, and smiling from behind the coffee urn a beamingly radiant hostess?

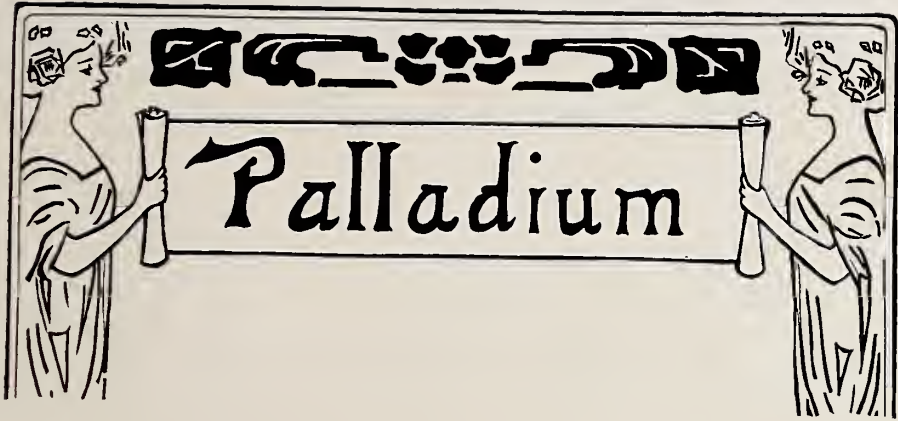
GERTRUDE SCHOENBECK.







Bowditch
1911.



THE members of the Palladium feel that they have been greatly benefitted by the work done in the club during the past year. The literary work for which the society was originally established has given us an insight into the life as well as the works of our modern writers.

Things were rather unsettled at the beginning of the year. First, there was the initiation. Each member of the club was given due warning by certain missives which were distributed to the frightened ones. On that eventful morning they assembled in the dining room, in a most lowly and humble state of mind. Their torturers then brought forth yards and yards of green and gold bunting, and wound it about the trembling knees of the victims. Appearing as walking fashion plates in these hobble garbs, they were forced to promenade through the halls. This lasted, however, only about two minutes, as some of the more serious faculty members, with horrified looks placed a ban on all green and yellow hobbles. But these were merely our childhood days; since then we have risen to remarkable dignity.

The day of the Christmas play, a meeting was held to elect a new faculty member. Miss Parmenter was unanimously chosen, after which a number of girls went about in search of her. Finally she was unearthed from the depths of stage properties in the auditorium, hurried upstairs and brought into the meeting, gasping for breath. Here her fate was made known to her. Immediately her mind was filled with bright ideas and plans for our future.

The one big social event of the year was the football banquet. The girls prepared a splendid feast and invited the football team of 1910. Next year we must have a strong "introduction and get acquainted committee," for it really was too bad to have so many of those girls "go home alone in the dark."

Another feature of the club has been the little social "eats" at the close of some of the meetings. They have been most skillfully handled by the Social Committee. One which was particularly striking was the little April fool spread. Some of the girls made a special trip to the Domestic Science room to "dope" some of the sandwiches with salt. Miss Parmenter was the first victim of one of the pseudo sandwiches. She smacked her lips and remarked that, at last she had found a sandwich with plenty of salt in it. The joke was on the girls.

The Program Committee composed of Alice Paddock, Chairman, Helen Koester and Edna Roehl, prepared a remarkably good program for the spring term. They chose our modern short story writers for study. The following is the program which has been carried out at our regular meetings during the spring term:

I.

Roll Call—Miscellaneous Quotations.

Life of Frank R. Stockton	Lois Abell
Reading of "The Tiger or the Lady"—Stockton.....	Mildred Dole
Life of Myra Kelly	Edna Roehl
Reading of "A Christmas Present for a Lady"—Kelly.....	Rita De Brown
Comparison of Stockton and Myra Kelly.....	Esther Howden

II.

Roll Call—Quotations from Shakespeare.

Life of Joel Chandler Harris	Ruth Church
Short Story by Mr. Harris.....	Lydia Oestermeyer
Life of Mary Wilkins Freeman.....	Helen Koester
Short Story by Miss Freeman	Lillian Koehler
Comparison of J. C. Harris and M. W. Freeman.....	Louise Burke

III.

Roll Call—Funny Story.

Life of Ruth McHenery Stuart	Marguerite Huntley
Reading of "Sonny"—Stuart	Flossie Williamson
Life of O. Henry	Sylvia Friend
Short Story by O. Henry	Ethlyn Wilder
Comparison of Miss Stuart and O. Henry.....	Elsie Althans

IV.

Roll Call—Mark Twain Sayings.

Life of Mark Twain	Mabel Harmon
Short Story of Mark Twain	Lydia Holley
Anecdotes of Mark Twain	Alice Paddock
Short Story by Mark Twain	Hilda Stiglitz

V.

Roll Call—Farewell Verse.

Talk on "What We Have Accomplished	Miss Parmenter
The Author I've Enjoyed Most	Alice Brewer
What the Short Story Means	Irene Schott

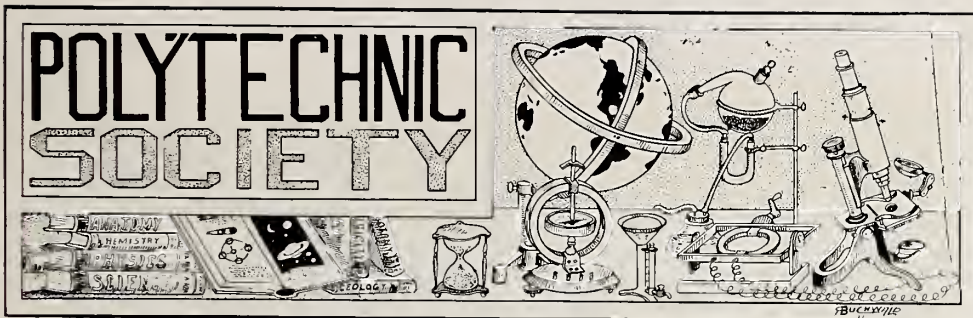
VI.

Entertainment for Seniors given by Juniors.

On Monday, May 15th, the society entertained the school at rhetorical. The program presented was a typical Palladium program, with music rendered by members and friends of the society. The authors discussed were Mark Twain, the greatest American humorist, and Joel Chandler Harris, most famous as a writer of darky folk-lore stories. The program was closed by darky folk songs sung in unison by the club.

The club closes its year with happy recollections of pleasant and profitable association in the past and with bright hopes for continued success in the future.





THE Polytechnic Society held its first meeting of the year on September 7, 1910. The officers elected for the year were: President, George Clocher; Vice President, Robert Burton; Recording Secretary, Hugh Brown; Corresponding Secretary, Gordon Cadisch; Treasurer, Clifford Dettman; Sergeant-at-arms, Carl Papier.

One of the main objects of this society is to take trips to some of the Industrial Centers of Cleveland, and in this way to benefit the members materially by seeing how the large shops and factories are run. This year we visited The Wellman-Seaver-Morgan Co., The Standard Tool Co., The Cleveland Weather Bureau, a Wireless Telegraph Station on Zoeter Ave., and afterwards discussed the trips in our meetings.

Although our main interest is in Technical questions, we have not wholly neglected the social side. On December 8th, 1910, we held our first dance. It was informal and a great success. This was the first complimentary dance that the school has given and it met with the approval of all.

On account of the graduation of Messrs. Colcher, Cadisch and Papier on March 9th, 1911, we were obliged to hold another election of officers which resulted in the following: "A. Tilden, President; Robert Burton, Vice President; Walter Shively, Secretary; Arthur Blackweil, Treasurer, and Vernon Stranahan, Sergeant-at-Arms. The society now has seventeen regular members and four honorary members.

We regret that Mr. Greenameyer has left the school, for he was a constant help to the boys. The members of the graduating class leave their best wishes to the society and hope that they will succeed in the future.

R. O. BURTON.



11/16/1919
Kasparov



By a Palladiumite.

THE Forum is an organization composed of junior and senior boys. The express purpose of the club is to have their pictures published in the annual each year, thereby increasing its sale tenfold. Just scan their faces and behold what wise, profound looking Romans they are. If you search long enough you will find among them, a Caesar, an Anthony, and a Brutus.

So much has been accomplished, during the past year by the Forum, that not even the secretary could find time to write an account of the proceedings.

After the interscholastic debates, the members succeeded in lassoing two of the debaters into the society and heaped the honor upon themselves.

You have all probably noticed that our pedestal in the auditorium is becoming decidedly unsteady. In the spot where it stands they have imagined themselves back in Rome and have dealt many a heavy blow to the innocent piece of wood, in order that they might impress the audience. The Annual Board is greatly indebted to this organization for the kind contribution of their photograph and acknowledge that the immense number of subscribers is due alone to their enthusiastic support.

The Forum Roster

EARL FLOOD—*President*

HARRY V. SIMMERMACHER—*Vice President*

WM. H. CLARK—*Secretary*

EVERETT HUNKIN—*Treasurer*

EVERETT W. BARGER—*Chairman Program Committee*

GORDON ASHWORTH

ARTHUR BLACKWELL

HUGH BROWN

ROBERT BURTON

CLARENCE EICH

PHILLIP GATES—*Sergeant-at-Arms*

EDWARD HERR

E. H. LEAVENWORTH

CARL LINDER

WALTER SHIVELY

HOWARD TRETER





SOME

DRAMATIC



OTHERS

Barry





The Scarab Board

TO THE Scarab Board of the last year is due much credit. They have given to the school a breezy, interesting magazine full of school news, jokes, scientific articles, short stories and poems. A mere glance over some of the exchange magazines in the library show our magazine to be far above the average in many respects; a lack of advertisements, the articles in the Scarab and the originality shown put the Scarab in a class by itself, well worth the small amount which is readily invested by such a small per cent of the school. Those who make a habit of reading a borrowed paper do not realize what a complete and permanent record of the school they are passing up by not purchasing a Scarab every month.

The fruitful work of the board is seen by a comparison of the May '11 Scarab with one of the previous school year. Although great credit is due to the first board, more is warranted to this board for they have edited the Scarab by themselves, with little supervision on the part of the faculty.

The business managers of the year have been Carl Papier and Gordon Ashworth. Both were graduated and resigned from the board. The larger share of the credit belongs to Manfred E. Darmstadter, Editor-in-chief, who has been, not only one of the best contributors but also, for the greater part of the year, business manager besides taking care of the extra work put upon him due chiefly to the lack of contributions from the school as a whole. Berne Day, literary editor, and Vivian Norris, poet, deserve credit for the numerous articles contributed by them.

The members of the board wish to express their thanks to the pupils who have helped them to make the Scarab what it is. They also hope that in the coming year the student body will show a greater interest by the writing of class jokes, short stories, poems, or by the drawing of cartoons.

W. L. D.



Debates

TECH VS. LINCOLN.

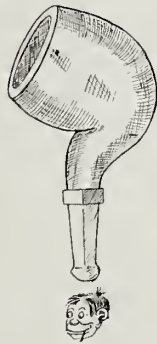
Tech High held its first debate of the season Tuesday evening, February 7th. The Tech debating team, consisting of John Madigan, Stanley Krall and Manfred Darmstadter, supported the affirmative side of the subject, Resolved: That the commission form of municipal government should be adopted in Ohio cities of more than one hundred thousand population. Of course, our speakers were by far superior to those of Lincoln, but the judges could not see it that way, and voted unanimously for the negative side.

TECH VS. GLENVILLE.

Our next debate was scheduled with Glenville High for Friday evening, March 7th. The subject for the debate was International Arbitration. Our speakers, John Madigan, Edward Horr

and Manfred Darmstadter, upheld the affirmative side of the subject. They showed marked improvement over their first debate in the matter of oratory and the presentation of their side. Mr. Mathewson acted as chairman during the contest, and at the close of the debate announced the verdict of the judges, 3 to 0 in favor of Glenville. This came as a heavy blow to the Tech people. Nevertheless our debators are to be congratulated upon the work they have shown in their speeches, and even though they were not the winning team their efforts have been thoroughly appreciated by the school.

L. O.



The Orchestra



The Tech High Orchestra started under rather distressing circumstances this year. The members having apparently lost all interest in it. This reason, coupled with the fact that the former leader, Mr. Vickerman, resigned, and that there was no one to rely on to lead, caused the orchestra to be a thing of the past. But the Tech man's hope arrived in the form of Mr. Manville (he of the silvery voice) who wished to have the musicians assist in the minstrel show. Under his supervision orchestral interest was stimulated rapidly, new members being added who strengthened the organization considerably and before long a fairly good orchestra

again represented Tech High. The new organization made its debut at the Tech-Lincoln Basket Ball game. Apparently the playing wasn't strong and long enough, for Lincoln won, but the audience were impressed with the fact that Tech again had an orchestra to assist in rooting.

Now the work began, for Mr. Manville was determined to have a good looking unison-bow orchestra for the minstrel show. So work on a difficult overture, the Whitmarch Minstrel Overture, was begun. It was rendered well and the orchestra was complimented by many. Even as capable a critic as Mr. Jones, supervisor of music of the public schools of Cleveland, remarked that the Tech orchestra was one of the best school orchestras that he had heard.

The members are now preparing for the concert which is to be given soon.

Leader—J. O. Manville

Violins

J. D. Alexander

Joseph Kolin

Gottfried Gaiser

Harry W. Dankworth

Alfred Chambers

Fred Schuster

Cornets

Oscar Howard

Harold Norton

Humbert Iacobucci

Trombone

Leonard Carlozzi

Clarinet

Carmen Gallitto

Cello

Douglas Campbell

Drums

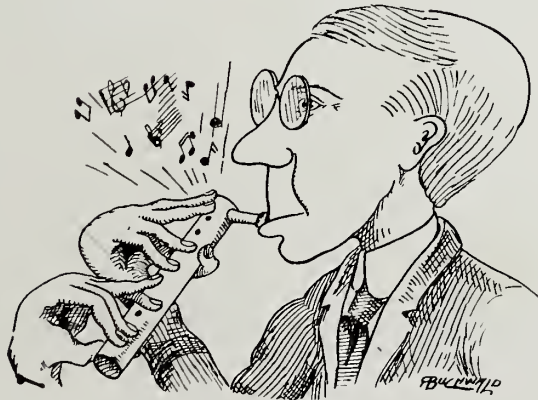
Arthur Henshaw

Piano

Stephen Tomsovic

Flute

Richard Tappenden





The Glee Club

FIRST TENORS

Theodore Wiegens
Herman Schultz
Carl Scheuk
Marcus Gleichman

SECOND TENORS

Harry Lawrence
Paul Forquer
Ralph Beck
Walter Doxey
Mathew Garvey
Phillip Gates

BASSOS

Rexford Nichols
Eldon Leo
William Boyer
H. R. Pearce
James Gilbert
Elmer Rose
Harvey Fankboner
Fred Schuster
Taylor Murphy
Edw. Lange
Fred Brozio
Hubert Case
Arthur Schultz

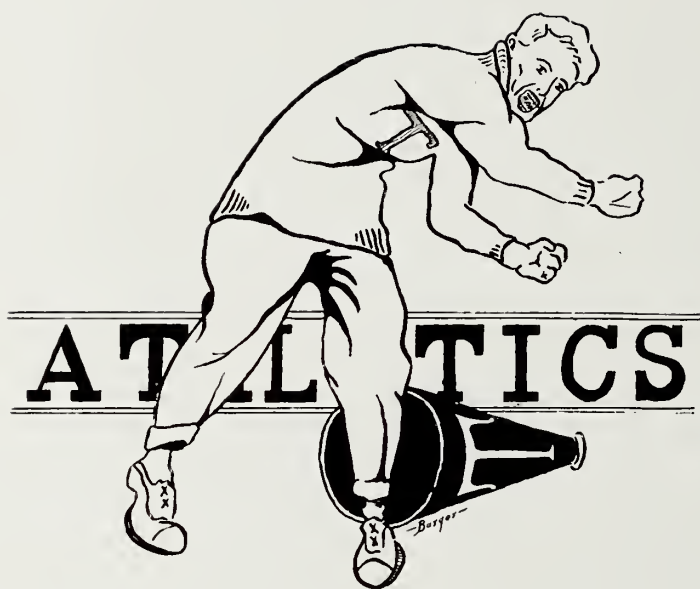
BARITONES

Geo. Russel
Howard Barnum
Joseph Kolin
Spencer Breck
Alex Nicholson
Ordello Dotty
Berne Day
Stanley Krall
A. Wiesenberger
Lawrence Stone
Richard Greer

The Glee Club started last year under Mr. Manville and prospered. They gave a concert, sang in the auditorium and had three outside dates. Mr. Manville started them this year and whipped them into shape before overwork caused him to turn them over to Mr. Hoornstra. Under the leadership of the latter they again settled down to hard work and success is theirs. They rendered some selections to their own school which were highly enjoyed. Few outside dates were sought for. Thorough appreciation was shown at places where they did sing.

The school is new, and so is the Glee Club, but with the right spirit they will strengthen themselves, and with the proper support from the school, they will prove themselves a creditable organization.

P. G.





AFTER practicing faithfully under the watchful eyes of Mr. Lawson, our foot ball squad journeyed over to the region of Lakewood to try out the new rules in a practice game. The team was made up of many new men and we were defeated, not without an exciting struggle by the score of 6 to 0. Captain Church's line-plunging was the feature of this game. One of the most disastrous accidents of the year befell the team in this game in as much as Vlach, who was destined for an all-scholastic back-field position, broke his shoulder and was out of the game for the remainder of the season.

The following week the team journeyed to Oberlin, where we won our first victory of the season. Clogg, Henderson and "Pickles" Krause were the stars of this game, while the playing of the remainder of the team showed a vast improvement over the Lakewood game.

On Saturday, September 1st, our first senate game was played with Central, which unfortunately resulted in a defeat. This game was full of thrill and hair-raisers, and our line was like a stone wall in times of danger. Blue made Central's first score by a difficult drop kick. But Cofall soon crossed Central's goal for a touchdown, putting us in the lead. But this was only a temporary joy, for Central scored several more times and when the game ended the score was 15 to 5 against us. It was in this game that Zehner made his wrestling debut with Maynor of Central.

East was our next opponent, and we were the victims. Church was again out of the game. The boys played hard and defeat was no disgrace. East had the superior team and yet they were only able to defeat us by the score of 6 to 0.



We received another defeat at the hands of Lincoln, but this was due to overconfidence and the illness of Captain Church. The team seemed to be lost without Church. The score was 11 to 0.

Our second victory was over South, probably due to an entirely different lineup than in the previous game. Cofall was at quarter and showed good judgment in running off his plays. Everybody seemed to be imbued with new life and one of the best games of the season resulted. Henderson showed his real worth by scoring on a long end run, and then Clogg's trusty toe made its six points. Zehner, Lafferty and "Pickles" were in all plays, spilling their men and breaking up the other plays; the game was won by the score of 6 to 8.

Another victory resulted for us in the game with Glenville, where our opponents lost through over confidence. Cofall scored a touchdown and Clogg kicked a field-goal which totaled nine points. Score 9 to 0.

The next week we played two games, one was with Commercial on Saturday morning, which resulted in a victory; the other with Shaw in the afternoon, a defeat. Most of the team which played Commercial was composed of second team men, although a few varsity men got into the game. Score, 30 to 0. The Shaw game was played on a muddy and slushy field and the defeat was partly due to excessive fumbling.

The following men received pins for two years' service on the team: Captain Church, Zehner, Lafferty, Greer, Clogg, and Feather. While Krause, Christianson, Simmermacher, Cofall, Henderson, Harmon, Piotrowski, Vlach, Hasse, Wills, and Forquer received sweaters. Everett Hunkin, as manager, also shared in the distribution of wealth. Fred Zehner was elected Captain for 1912, and inasmuch as most of this year's men will be back next year the team will have as successful, if not a more successful, season than last year.

The regular lineup of the team was as follows:

Right End—Krause
Right Tackle—Laferty
Right Guard—Christiansen
Center—Zehner
Left Guard—Hasse
Left Tackle—Greer
Left End—Clogg
Quarterback—Cofall
Right Halfback—Henderson
Left Halfback—Forquer
Fullback—Church (Captain)

SCHEDULE

Sept. 17.....	Tech	0—Lakewood	6
Sept. 24.....	Tech	7—Oberlin	0
Oct. 1.....	Tech	5—Central	15
Oct. 8.....	Tech	0—East	6
Oct. 15.....	Tech	0—Lincoln	11
Oct. 22.....	Tech	6—South	5
Oct. 29.....	Tech	9—Glenville	0
Nov. 5.....	Tech	30—Commerce	0
Nov. 5.....	Tech	0—Shaw	11

W. S.





THE basket ball team had a very successful season although they won only five out of ten games. The boys played a clean, fast game and never gave up until the whistle blew. Two games were played with the faculty team, captained by Coach Lawson, and each team won a game.

The first senate game was with East High on Jan. 6. This was Steffens' first game and he showed that he was a very good man by shooting three baskets, which was half of those made. Three of last year's team, Capt. Vlach, Simmermacher and Ludick, were in the game, and Steffens, Yard and Ward, the new men, showed themselves to be very good players. The score was 17 to 12 in favor of East.

The Glenville game, which was a victory for us by the score of 19 to 4, was a big surprise to the Glenville boys because they were confident of winning. Ludick and Yard were the stars and through their great guarding not a field basket was made by Glenville.

On Jan. 1st, the team sprung another surprise, defeating Commerce, who had defeated South, and were sure of winning. In this game the "never die" spirit was shown. Although behind at the end of the first half, the boys kept fighting and through Captain Vlach's basket shooting we were victorious with a score of 20 to 15.

The next game, with West, was one of the roughest games played and several of the boys were hurt. Simmermacher and Ward were always around when they were needed and through



their work the score was kept almost even, but in the last few minutes West scored and we were defeated, 19 to 15.

Shaw was our next opponent and after a hard fought game we were defeated 16 to 15. The team work was better than in any other game.

The team from Chagrin Falls came up here to play, but through the playing of Capt. Vlach and the guarding of Yard we were victorious 26 to 15.

The next senate game was with South. A fast game was played in which South was victorious with a score of 23 to 14.

Much depended upon the Lincoln game, because if we defeated them we would be in a triangular tip with East and Lincoln. At the end of the first half Tech was leading, but the Lincoln boys came back strong and before the game was over they were several points ahead and a defeat for us resulted.

The first out-of-town game was played in Geneva, and as the floor had been used for a dance floor it was a big handicap to the teams. Simmermacher played a fine game, while Captain Vlach kept up his good playing that had made him a choice for the all-senate team last year.

The last game of the season was played two weeks later at Ravenna and the boys returned home victors by the score of 22 to 14. Captain Vlach was missing but Vaughn played a strong game in his place and the rest of the team played one of the best games of the city.

The second team deserves a great deal of credit because they go out every night and work hard and still receive no emblems for their work. All but Steffens of the team leave school this year; Coach Lawson and he have the best wishes of the class of 1911.

Captain Vlach, Simmermacher and Ludick receive pins, and Yard, Ward and Steffens get Jerseys for their work.

Jan. 6.....Tech 12—East 17
 Jan. 13.....Tech 19—Glenville 4
 Jan. 20.....Tech 20—Commerce 15
 Jan. 27.....Tech 15—West 19
 Feb. 3.....Tech 15—Shaw 16
 Feb. 10.....Tech 26—Chagrin Falls 15
 Feb. 17.....Tech 14—South 23
 Feb. 24.....Tech 18—Lincoln 28
 Mar. 3.....Tech 14—Geneva 28
 Mar. 17.....Tech 22—Ravenna 14

TEAM

Forwards—Capt. Vlach, Steffens and Ward
 Centers—Simmermacher
 Guards—Ludick and Yard

ARTHUR BLACKWELL.





As a rule, there are very few in school who take up skating, especially in Tech. But we have three boys who are experts in this line, as was shown in the high school races held at the Elysium on Saturday, February 28, 1911. Out of two events Tech got two firsts and one third or a total of eleven points, which was more than enough to win the meet and also the silver loving-cup offered by the Cleveland Athletic Club and which may be seen in our exhibit room.

John Leonard won a cup presented by the same club. It was the intention of the donors, at the time last year's cup was presented, that the school winning the cup two successive years, was to have permanent possession of the same. But this year they decided to present one each year, and we now have two beautiful trophies won by our skaters.





The three supporters of the brown and gold this year were John Leonard, in the eighteen year old class, and Ben O'Sicky and George Kohl, in the sixteen year old events.

Leonard and O'Sicky have shown many times that they are whirlwinds on the steel blades. George Kohl has just sprung into the limelight of the skating world. These three boys will be at Tech next year, and the class of 1911 hopes that they will do as well as they have done this year to keep the name of Tech before the skating fans.

W. S.





BASEBALL.



THE 1910 base ball team, although not winning the championship, finished second with the fine record of six victories and two defeats. Both the defeats were hard fought and were lost through errors at critical moments.

The South game was especially good, the score being two to one, and the game being lost after two were out in the tenth inning. Vaughn and Greer, the two varsity pitchers had the opposing teams at their mercy throughout the season and between them struck out twenty-three men in six games; a remarkable record for high school pitchers.

Mr. Lawson coached the team; Norman Feather was Captain at the close of the season; Earl Weaver was elected captain for 1911, and with nearly all the varsity players back, a winning team is looked forward to. Mr. Lawson will again have charge, the first game being with Shaw High, April 22.

E. W.



A Squeeze Play



The following men played on the 1910 team:

Weaver—Catcher

Vaugh and Greer—Pitchers

Vlach—First base

Duncan—Second base

Zelevnik—Short stop

Treter—Third base

Clogg—Left field

Feather—Center field

Wills and Conaghan—Right field

SCHEDULE OF BASE BALL TEAM

Tech 7—Lakewood 6, 10 innings

Tech 7—Shaw 3

Tech 8—East 3

Tech 12—Commerce 6

Tech 2—Central 12

Tech 1—South 2, 10 innings

Tech 9—West 0, forfeit

Tech 10—Lincoln 0



THE track team had a chance to show what they could do on April 7th, in a triangular meet with West and Lincoln. They did very well, making 43 points to Lincoln's 28 and West's 19. The individual point winner was Ruecke of Lincoln, who scored 11½ points; while Kohl was highest for Tech, with firsts in the pole vault and running broad jump. After winning the pole vault in 9 ft. 3 in., Kohl kept going up till he made 10 ft. 3 in., which makes him look like a sure winner in the remaining meets. The point winners were Capt. Treter, Kohl, Simmermacher, Feather, Conaghan, Phillips, Grove, Wilson, Vlach, and the relay team, composed of Garvey, Nicholson, Harmon.

The other members deserve credit even if they were not fortunate enough to make any points, because they have practicing faithfully and have put forth their best efforts in the meet.

The freshman team is composed of some very good men who should make the varsity next year. They carried out their part of the meet by winning.

The inter-class meet, which was held in the "gym" the 29th of March, was won by the seniors with 41 1-3 points, while Simmermacher, last year's school athlete, was second with 13 1-3 points. Kohl and Percio were tied for third and fourth with 12 1-4 points. Two school records were broken, the shot-put record by Vlach, who put the shot 38 ft. 6 in., and the pole vault by Kohl who cleared the bar at 10 ft.

SUMMARY

25 yard dash—Percio 1, Laferty 2, Simmermacher 3.
220 yard dash—Percio 1, Harmon 2, Feather 3.
440 yard dash—Feather 1, Nicholson 2, Harmon 3.

880 yard dash—Feather 1, Simmermacher 2, Percio 3.

Mile run—Wilson 1, McCaslin 2, Phillips 3.

Shot-put—Vlach 1, Laferty 2, Pietrosky 3. 38 ft. 6 in. distance.

High jump—Simmermacher and Conaghan tied for first and second. Height 5 ft. 6 in.

Pole vault—Kohl 1, Treter 2, Grove 3. Height 10 ft.

Broad jump—Kohl 1, Simmermacher 2, Treter 3. Distance 17 ft. 7 in.

Mile relay—Sophomores 1, Seniors 2, Juniors 3, Freshmen 4.

On Monday morning, March 20th, Mr. Barker presented the Senior class with a cup which is to be contested for by the different classes every year at the inter-class meet.

The team has the best wishes of the class of 1910, and we hope they succeed in the two remaining meets.

W. S.





SINCE the opening of our school, Soccer Foot Ball has been a great success. The first year there was but little interest taken in it, but the second year with Dallas Morrow as captain and a number of the old players back, along with a lot of new fellows out who managed themselves well, prospects looked very bright. After a lot of hard practicing we met Central for our first game and scored a glorious victory, which gave us confidence in ourselves and helped us lick the Monas of the Junior Local League by a 3 to 0 score. We kept up our great pace and won 7 out of 8 games, losing the one by the close score of 1 to 0 because of the absence of our captain.

After such a glorious season we had high hopes of state championship, but because the school had not decided to back us, we were unable to attempt it. However, we got a lot of satisfaction out of the fact that we defeated a picked, all-star team of the city by a score of 4 to 2.

The outlook for this year is good with a field of our own on which to practice and a lot of new material out. But we will certainly miss Cautley, our star full-back and Morrow who made a city record last year by scoring six goals in one game. However, since the Senate has recognized Soccer as a high school sport, we expect a good season.



The Lunch Hour

WE are in English or Math or Machine Shop, let us say, when a violent agitation of the tintinnabulator informs us that we can now begin our revels with the tomato soup and sweet pickles, or sweet pickles and tomato soup, for be it known, we have a kindly and considerate chef in the Technical High School who varies the menu from tomato soup and sweet pickles one day, to sweet pickles and tomato soup the next.

If we be dissatisfied with either, we may bring our own lunch at our own risk, for in the Technical High School are humanitarians, who, instead of feasting upon the mice in the lunch room,—thus adding another item to the menu,—feast the mice, with their own lunches, thus detracting from their own menu.

Truly, our genial principal has advised us to perpetrate the cruelty of equipping ourselves with tin lunch boxes, but the most of us prefer not to be classed with base mechanicals who carry tin lunch boxes. Anyhow, what knows our genial principal of carrying one's own lunch or e'en eating one's own lunch, for can he not eat tomato soup and sweet pickles or sweet pickles and tomato soup within the fastnesses of the pedagogic lunch room where pedagogic bad manners may be kept from the view of the student mob, who might otherwise be furnished with additional material for chiding their instructors?



Let us now lick our chops (figuratively speaking, of course,) for we have learned somewhere that all creatures lick their chops when their hunger is fully appeased, and why should not our hunger have been fully appeased, we having dined sumptuously on sweet pickles and tomato soup or tomato soup and sweet pickles? Now, having licked our chops, we proceed to discover whether we are still in possession of a five cent piece, the wherewithal to purchase ice cream (Oh, yes, sometimes we have ice cream, too). If so, we forage the several tables for spoons and if these are unobtainable we seize one from a young freshman who is more comfortable anyhow when eating ice cream in the plate-to-consumer fashion. If we have not the wherewithal we hie ourselves to "Ma's," before whose emporium young ladies pass, or we take a walk on the same sidewalk where young ladies are walking, or we go to the balcony where we may sit with young ladies.

For fear of shocking Messrs. Knirk and Durstine, who abhor the odor of tobacco smoke, we shall drop "Ma's" from further discussion. On the sidewalk we must suddenly cease looking at the girls to view the portly Atwater, now quite red of face and coughing violently and at some length. Although it shall not beget you a ten, you have guessed rightly. He tried to swallow two spaghetti at once and has come forth to catch his breath.

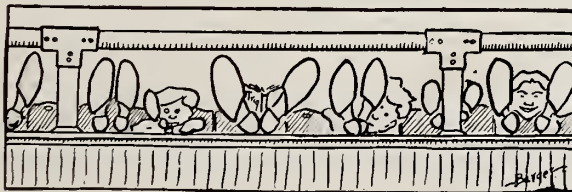
If we prefer to sit with young ladies, instead of walking with them, we enter the balcony where the harmonious harmony of "Lead Kindly Light" and "Oh, You Chicken" emanates from the automatic piano player and a group of whistlers respectively. There we may enjoy the spectacle of Mr. Barker rudely interrupting pocket-glass-spot-light performances, and "take in" artistic reviews

of last evening's moving picture plays as related by feminine "gabbers" to masculine listeners. In fact, one would think there were a multiplicity of moving picture plays last evening, were one to think that all the "gabbing" concerned moving picture plays (that is, if one could hear one's self think).

Presently we see Mr. Barker conferring with Frank E. and we know that if all the electricity fails to perform its duty shortly it will be necessary for Mr. Barker to ring the bell, thus signalling the "gabbing" to cease, the harmony, ditto. Now the belated feeders from Sixx's straggle in. These are the boys who prefer to carry neither tin lunch boxes, nor to eat sweet pickles and tomato soup or tomato soup and sweet pickles, but rather to eat what they wish and have it served by pretty waitresses.

What is inexplicable to us is why the fair ones go not to Sixx's. While Mr. Short was with us we used to tell ourselves that he took all the young ladies down during the third period (corporation heads and other important gentlemen always dine early) but since he has left it becomes a mystery. Notwithstanding, if it were not for the long walk and poor street car service we should take all the girls ourselves.

M. E. D.





The Library

WANDER any day into the library and note the silent contentment of the ducked heads apparently in deepest study. Why are they so attentive? Investigate!

Here is a girl absorbed in a book on Greek dress, while the boy sitting next to her is busily looking up information on welding. His neighbor is drinking in Mark Twain's Wit and Humor. Here is a pupil interested in woodturning, there a student of cooking. We find a variety of interesting books and all of them connected with some branch of our school work.

Miss Martin reigns supreme, flitting hither and thither, bringing references to those who seek her help, putting books back in place. She tells you that there are 2359 books in our library, that each Tech High pupil visits the library at least once in two weeks and that on an average about 6000 visits are made to the library in a month.

You ask if any books are borrowed and you learn that the library has 460 borrowers and circulates nearly 1500 books a month.

F. E.



The Ba of Amamentes

THUMP, thud! thump, thud! thump, thud! The sound of footsteps echoed through the corridor. "Dad," the night watchman, was making his rounds. His lantern threw a golden halo about him. But the lantern was small and weak while the spirits of darkness were great and strong, rising up all around to smother the light. They threw the rays into "Dad's" eyes and seemed to form a thick wall around him like a vault. He shuffled down the corridor but the walls kept with him swaying slightly as the lantern swung, so that he seemed to be standing still while the familiar objects of the hall entered and passed through his vault in a ghostly and fantastic procession.

First came the waste-paper box standing tipsily on two legs with its long shadow stretching up the wall behind it. "Dad" watched it as it shrank and cowered behind the box and then stretched out again. Surely it was only a shadow. All shadows acted that way at night. But had there not been something else there? He watched it over his shoulder as it lengthened out, keeping close to the wall as a man sneaking away. The white porcelain drinking fountain caught the rays from the lantern and flashed them back. "Dad" started; his hand went to his hip pocket. It was only the drinking fountain. What a fool he was to be frightened at such a thing. He tried to smile, but somehow the smile would not come, so he looked back into the darkness and swore a little instead.

There! What was that? That white shape on the wall? "Dad" stood motionless, watching it. It increased, then decreased slowly as a man breathing deeply. It went out suddenly, reappear-

ing just as suddenly. "Dad" blinked his eyes and drew a long breath. It was but a beam from the street-lamp shining through the window. He put his hand to his head. He was dizzy and he felt weak. He would go into the office and sit down awhile.

It would never do to get frightened at such things. They were nothing, and he had never been frightened at them before. That is, before a year ago. But even then he had never been frightened this way. At first he had felt as though he were being followed. It had seemed as though somebody were walking in his foot-steps, ing had been there. It had only been the echo of his own heels. But still it had irritated him and made him nervous. He had just one pace behind. He had stopped and looked around. Noth-bought rubber heels hoping that they would stop the noise. But then the something had seemed to follow him more closely. He had felt it at his back looking over his shoulder, and its whisperings echoing through the silent corridor had made his flesh creep.

A year ago he had been afraid of nothing. He had paced his rounds with happy heart, humming snatches of songs as he went. He had boasted that he never carried a gun or billy; now he carried both. Then, he and Henry, the fireman, had had fierce arguments nightly. Henry was a "Seventh Day Adventist"; he believed in "Spiritual Sustenance". He had made the boiler room ring with eloquence in defense of his cause. "Dad" had poured fiery denunciations on all Adventists and on firemen in particular. How could any one be such an idiot as to believe in Adventism? Now, he hung on every word that the fireman said. He followed him from place to place like a dog. He could not bear to be alone. He even offered to shovel coal. As the time drew near for him to start on his round, he would try to start the fireman to talking. He believed in Adventism now, but there was just a tiny doubt in his mind, a single theory he could not quite understand. Would not the fireman please explain it for him? As the fireman talked he watched the clock. It was the hour, one minute past, two minutes past, five minutes past. The fireman asked a question and when it was not answered he looked up wonderingly, then noticing the hour, he remarked, "You're late."

"Wha—Oh! That's all right, Henry, don't mind that. I was

interested in what you were saying. You're quite an orator, Henery—quite an orator. And logical, you know, Henery, you're very logical. You ought to run for the school board. Yes, indeed, you ought, Henery. And Henery—a—a—that clock's a little fast, I guess you had better turn it back, Henery." He would slowly leave the boiler room and its cherry light to begin his rounds of fits and starts.

When "Dad" entered the office he set his lantern in the inner room, passed into the third and sat down near the safe. The lantern shone pleasantly through the open door, outlining one edge of the safe, while reflected light from the wall behind him showed up the nickel plated knob and combination plate on the safe door. Outside an owl-car bumped by with a single passenger. He watched it out of sight and then turned back to the room. He could see better now, for his eyes were becoming accustomed to the dim light. He glanced at the safe. There was a thin film of shadow passing before the nickled knob. He refused to be frightened now. It was only something the matter with his eyes and would presently pass away or explain itself. He watched it curiously as line by line and fold by fold it passed before the knob and into the lantern light. He knew what it was now. It was smoke. His lantern was smoking badly. He ought to get up and turn it down; it would make the place smell bad. He ought to get up and finish his round. He would, presently, but not now. It was pleasant to sit still and watch the smoke. What an odd shape it was taking; just like the person of his beloved "Spiritual Sustenance" guild when he had his robe on. It reminded him of his late talks with the fireman. He felt better now, he was his old self again and afraid of nothing. He would go back to the fireman and tear his theories to shreds and sweep his arguments away as dust. He was about to rise.

"Mortal!" The shape stretched forth an arm and motioned him to be seated. "Dad" watched the play of the light through the transparent folds of the robe as the spirit dropped back his arm.

"What are you?" he asked, huskily.

"I am the Ba of him who was Amamentes, high priest of the temple of Re in the city of On. It is my scarab that you are guard-

ing. I perceive that you do not understand. Know then, mortal, that we of the priesthood divide the being into three parts; the *khat*, or body, the *ka* or spirit, and the *ba* or soul. On the death of the khat the ka remains with the mummy but the ba goes to Amenti and journeys to the 'Hall of the Two Truths' and is judged.

"On earth I was the son of the king who was the son of Re. As high priest of Per Re (city of Re) I was the center of the learning of the world. For know you, even your own wise men, Thales, Solon and Plato sat at the feet of my posterity. The great temple of Re, the great temple that sat on the hill before the two obelisks, the temple whose servants were an army and whose granaries and store-houses were unnumbered, that temple was the center of Egypt. The common people came to worship the Mnevis bull, which represented the renewing of the life of Re. The lesser priests who entered the temple were taught from the Hermetic books. They were taught the courses of the stars and their meanings; they were taught the art of healing with herbs and many other diverse things. They were taught of the one great and true god, even of Re, in his different forms.

"The great feast in honor of Re was near at hand. We spent many days in purification by washing and fasting. Early in the morning of the gala day the populace and pilgrims from all Egypt, headed by the King, embarked on the Nile and brought the image of Re to the city with music and rejoicing. Then they came to the temple to do battle with us and by overcoming us bring the image of Re to its place, thus commemorating his victory over the powers of darkness, and thus showing the people that Re was a mighty god. I put on the leopard skin spangled with stars as the insignia of my office as chief of the secrets of heaven, and I led my men; but in the battle we were overwhelmed and I fell.

"That evening as Re flamed out his last, glorious farewell before entering Amenti and leaving this upper world to Apap, the demon of darkness, I parted with khat and ka of him who was Amamentes, high priest of Per Re. I too went to Amenti. I took the form of a hawk and flew with great swiftiness, yet my flight caused no wind and I could feel no motion. I flew past all time

to where things are forever, and at last I came to the outer gate of Amenti, the dominion of Osiris, Re of the under world.

"The gate was of clotted blood, dripping, red and gory, newly wet with the blood of those just slain on earth. I trembled at the sight and was sore afraid for I knew not what to do. Then I heard a voice, a soft and soothing voice. It said, 'Peace be with you. Have no fear for I am come to guide you to the Hall of the Two Truths, even I who am Isis, the wife and sister of Osiris, just and merciful.' Then I was no longer afraid and I arose from where I had been crouching and straightway flew through the bloody gate.

"We then journeyed through a great distance and came to the second gate. It was a gate of snakes, of vipers wriggling, crawling, writhing, twisting. A great boa-constrictor from the land of Ethiopia formed the arch. Around it in coiling masses were hooded-cobras and adders from the East, unknown serpents from the undiscovered country at the setting sun, serpents from the North, from the South; and from all their hissing mouths and flashing fangs dripped the deadly venom. Again I stopped and stared fascinated and all the beady eyes turned on me. I could not look away from the eyes and white, dripping fangs. I was afraid, but again the voice reassured me and said, 'Be not afraid for I am with you. I will close their mouths, for I, Isis, am their mistress.'

"We traveled onward and covered a great distance till we came to the third gate. It was a blazing flame. Glaring red and yellow tongues of fire snapped and crackled manacingly, but Isis bade them be still and took away their heat so that they did not scorch the tips of my wings.

"The fourth gate was of cloud with the rainbow for an arch. The many tinted clouds of the sun-rise; all the shades of the sun-set; the feathery clouds of high noon on a summer's day; the black battle clouds that roll up when Re and Apap clash in battle; all were fashioned together in the gate.

"Thus we journeyed on until the gates numbered fifteen. Then we came to seven great halls and in each was a god with a knife in either hand, the guards of Osiris and of the treasure of Amenti.

Isis spoke but a word to them and they suffered us to pass in peace. From thence we came to the 'Hall of Two Truths,' famed even on earth. It was vast, so that the roof was beyond sight. The great temple in Per Re was but a child's plaything beside it. On one side was a lake of burning fire. The flames rolled and billowed to a great height illuminating the whole hall. From their tops arose thick, black columns of smoke as from a crater. They hung overhead in a thick pall, veiling Re from the sight of the unworthy forever. On the other side were forty-two gods of the negative confessions. Some were half bird and half beast, some were winged snakes with human legs, one was monkey-headed, another had the head of a crocodile, but all were grim and silent.

"I spoke and answered the forty-two confessions negatively. Then I went to each God and answered each, his question negatively. I was led to the balance of fate. I was placed in one scale of the balance, and the eyeless, handless image of justice was placed in the other. My guardian watched the scale in which I stood. Anubis, guardian of the dead, watched the image of justice. Horus watched the weight while Thoth recorded the result on a tablet with a stile. Thoth then led the way to the inner chamber of justice where sat the merciful Osiris. He took the tablet and read while I trembled.

" 'Ba of him who was Amamentes, high priest of Per Re,' he said, 'thou hast been weighed in the balances and not found wanting. Now thou art a god and may take on whatsoever shape thou pleaseth, whether of man or beast or god. Thou shalt become a part of Re and ride in his boat across the heavens to the fields of Aarru, where thou shalt dwell.'

"It was as the merciful one said. I embarked in the ship of Re, in the solar bark with Re and the two man-headed gods. I took the form of Re and was a part of Re, even of Re, the mighty, the giver of life and death. We sailed against Apap, that serpent of darkness, who holds the upper world in submission on the departure of Re. Apap was arrogant and presumed to bar our passage. He brought up the posts of night till they darkened the sky as a great cloud, their spears shimmered and flashed as forked light-

ning and the noise of their chariot wheels was as the rolling and rumbling of thunder. But they saw our splendor, the fierce and glorious splendor of Re. They looked and saw his eye burn with anger. They turned and fled, for who can look on the great eye of Re? They rolled away their clouds from the face of the heavens so that the men of earth saw that Re in his boat of fire was victorious. The men of earth cried out, ' 'Tis he! 'Tis Re, the life giver! He made to disappear the clouds at sight of his splendor! Praise to Re!'

"The prophets offered up sacrifices on his altars, poured libations thereon and burned incense. The stolistis dressed the images and men worshiped. The sacrifices smelled sweet in our noses and the prayers were good, so Re blessed his people. We lighted their dwellings and warmed them. We looked on their fields and caused their wheat to grow. A babe played in the sand, so we kissed it and its mother gathered it up in her arms and said, 'It is well. It is the blessing of Re, my son. It is the blessing of a long life.' So we sailed until again we came to the lower heavens and arrived at the fields of Sarru where I was to live forever. I was a god and immortal. I lived with the gods and ate from their granaries in the fields of the blessed.

"But, know you, mortal, while I was journeying through the land of Amenti, the ka of Amamentes remained with the mummy. The ka is the spirit and retains the form and shape of the body. As the spirit, it is subject to death by snakes, by venomous animals and by starvation. So the ka of Amamentes required spiritual meat and drink. But Amamentes, high priest of Per Re, was a great man and many pilgrims came to his tomb. They all wished that many jars of drink, much meat and bread and all good things would be stored up for the ka of Amamentes, and it was so. The ka lived on the fat of the land, as he had been wont to do, and was contented.

"Finally the pilgrims ceased to come, neither came the hen-ka (care taker) and the tomb was neglected. But what cared the ka? There were still granaries and store-houses unnumbered, filled with all good things for him. The pilgrims would remember and return again before the store-houses were emptied so that I should still be

immortal. For, you know, should the ka die, my immortality would cease.

"But the pilgrims did not come. The rock of the tomb began to tumble. Cracks were formed and sand drifted in. Sand from the great desert came riding on the wind. It came drifting and swirling, and blocked up the entrance to the tomb. The sand grew deeper and deeper about the walls. Sometimes it came swirling in single spirals and again it came in great, black clouds. The tomb was buried but the ka lived on. His store-houses were inexhaustible, and I was still a god.

"Then after many years had passed as mortals count time, there came men and shovels. They were fair men with strange faces like yours, oh, mortal. They dug away the sand and found the tomb of Amamentes. But they were shameless men. They profaned the dead and rifled the tomb. They opened the sarcophagus and took the mummy from it. They unwound the bandages from the mummy and stripped it of its ornaments, even of the scarab clasped in its right hand, that scarab which is now there in the safe."

The ba, trembling with anger, pointed to the safe, but "Dad", the watchman, only crouched lower in his seat and said nothing.

"Not content with that," the ba continued, "they dissected the mummy and burned the parts with acids. Parts they put in to retorts and heated. Even the bones did they destroy while their scribes wrote it down in books over which they pondered with assumption of great learning.

"The ka of Amamentes! It could live only with the mummy. That destroyed, it died and with it my immortality. I shall live only as long as a mortal lives on earth, then I shall die the second death.

"At the death of the ka I was no longer a god, so I came from the blessed fields of Aarru to wander again on earth, resolved on vengeance. First I started for the city of On, but there was no city there. Even the great Per Re had crumbled to dust and all that was left was a single obelisk standing alone on the hill. Even the

Nile had changed. She no longer flooded the country, but was held in check by great dams which gathered up her floods for a time of drought. Great iron crocodiles left the river and ran on the land at high speed, breathing fire and smoke from their nostrils, serving their fair-faced men like slaves. Truly, yours is a great race; but I wished vengeance. I began to search for the scarab. My search led me across an almost boundless ocean, over which were swimming more fire-breathing animals in the service of the fair ones. I came to a land of tall buildings and wandered till I came here and found the scarab.

"Now, I would have my vengeance, but I needs must work fast for my allotted time was drawing to a close. I began. I haunted you nightly. I broke your proud spirit with nothings. You grew thin and pale and nervous, starting at shadows till I needed to haunt you no longer. You worked out my own vengeance on yourself. Daily, I worked. I stood by the elbows of teachers as they made out examination papers. I vexed them and caused them to remember all the slights, the inattention, the carelessness shown to them by the pupils. I hardened their hearts against the pupils, and when they racked their brains in search of difficult questions, I aided them. Out of an ancient Egyptian lore that was the envy of the world, and out of the wisdom of the gods, I propounded questions that no man could answer. When the pupils could not answer them they cried out in loud voices against the teachers. But again I hardened their hearts and moved them only to anger. I caused them to send notes to the homes of the pupils, containing charges of idleness and lack of study. I even caused them to stipulate the number of hours of home study necessary. It caused the parents such pain to hear this about their children, that the birches and hickories were stripped to make switches, so that night wailings and gnashings of teeth arose throughout the land. So was I working for my vengeance. It was coming slowly but surely.

"Then, this afternoon, the school was assembled in the big room opposite and I saw a priest of Re enter in snow white robes. Could it be possible that Re was worshipped here in the land of the fair-faced men, when he was forgotten in Egypt? I listened, the priest was awaiting impatiently the coming of a boy. It is always thus

with boys, even I had waited for a boy. The boy came with hasty breath and words of excuse. The master was about to leave on a long journey. He wanted to leave a final message and take part in one last ceremony before he went. But no, the ceremony to Re in the lower heavens did not begin in such a manner. I listened carefully. Gradually I began to understand. I perceived that they were not worshipping Re himself. They were worshipping him only as the symbol of qualities good and righteous; even as we of the high priesthood had tried to teach our people. Then I saw them use my scarab. How reverently they handled it! The anger in my heart softened. All the desire for revenge melted away. I rejoiced; for at last were not my works doing good? I had toiled in Egypt and my works were forgotten. Here the fair ones had delved in the sands, had found them and had recognized in them the secrets of life, and I gave thanks and prayed:

'Great Father, Lord of Life and Death, our Lord!
I lift up hands of truth in prayer to thee,
O Re, the Royal, and ask, for them, the gift of Life.'

"So, O mortal, I have revealed myself to you. Go and walk your rounds in peace. I shall trouble you no more. My time is nearly spent. Yet a little while and I shall die the second death. I shall go beyond all space to where time and space are not. Form nor motion is not known there, only nothing. I shall be as the flame of a candle snuffed out."

BERNE W. DAY.



The Dutch

What was it made George Russell “flunk”?
What ’roused Rex Nichols’s righteous spunk?
Hurrah for Hoornstra’s German junk!
It was the Dutch!

What kept the kids off the Honor Roll?
And made them feel like a doughnut hole,
Or like an onion in “Musterole”?
It was the Dutch!

What reason can you give for the “U”
That made you feel so awf’ly blue
And which your daddy made you rue?
It was the Dutch!

What is it makes you think you’re stuck
And makes you curse your rotten luck
When Hoornstra starts to rake the muck?
It is the Dutch!

What tries to make you out a fool
Because you can’t learn an inflection rule?
To what do you blame your leaving school?
It is the Dutch!

V. N.



The Baron’s Button Hook

The Mongrel

“YOU'RE a mongrel, sir, that's all you are!”

DeWitt Degenharter looked up unmoved. He had been so long accustomed to the elder Degenharter's contempt for him, that quarreling never occurred to him.

“You shall not set up your judgment against mine,” the elder Degenharter went on. “You'll use your time and strength on the farm, not running around in that kind of a costume.”

His son crossed his legs. He was dressed in wadded brown canvas knickerbockers and a red sweater banded in blue. But he did not speak. In fact, he rarely spoke at any length, which made his silence during these one-sided arguments not so much of a virtue as it seemed to every one but his father, who regarded the boy's good-natured silence as only another indication of the mongrelism he deplored.

“You'll go up to your room now, and you'll take off that indecent rig. Don't you ever let me see you dressed like a clown again, do you hear? You never saw me make a spectacle of myself. The Degenharters are decent people; always have been and always—well, are you going?”

DeWitt rose. He towered a mighty mass of bone and muscle over his father's head. He did not make for the staircase, but straight for the outer door.

Degenharter looked at the lad's square, ruddy countenance as if he could read what was in his son's mind.

“Are you crazy, DeWitt?” he demanded.

“No, I am going to play foot ball.”

Degenharter gasped. “If you say foot ball again, I'll box your ears,” he cried.

His son looked down upon him and shut his lips tight.

“Go to your room, you mongrel.”

The young man opened the door and stepped on to the porch.

With a bound Degenharter was after him. In a passion of outraged authority, his hands flew about DeWitt's head till the boy's ears rang.

A big, flat, sunburned hand seized those two active old ones and another as mighty was raised threateningly over Degenharter's head. There was a pause. With a slight output of strength, he lifted his father over the threshold and shut the door firmly upon him. He held it closed for a few minutes, then turned away.

When Degenharter at last pulled the door open, his son was making big, easy strides across the lawn; but he heard the words his father sent after him.

"Don't you ever dare to come back! You'll never set a foot inside my door, you circus clown!"

Old Hans Degenharter swaggered down Schwenkville's elm-shaded street to tell the village what it already knew; striving to read in his neighbor's eyes the judgment of his treatment of his son.

"There's too much of this Young American business to suit me, altogether too much!" he cried defiantly to a knot of old farmers tipped back upon their chairs on the wide, honeysuckle-shaded piazza of the little old hotel. "Let's hear you say something about old America. Why, hang it, when we were boys we didn't get the notion that the world was made for us. The time is not so far back, that I can't remember being taught to honor my father and mother, that my days might be long in the land."

A murmur of approval rose. Degenharter waxed more confident. "It's our duty as fathers to teach these young men their places. For my part, I gave him one—a good one!"

"What? A good what?" old Andrews the hotel keeper took his pipe for one instant from his lips to inquire.

"A blow; that'll teach him something, eh?"

A heavy look of disgust settled upon the quiet faces. To strike your son—well, if he needs it; but to tell of it, to boast of it! Degenharter felt their condemnation, and it aroused all the combativeness in him.

"That's the kind of a man I am," he declared. "I'll not put up with it from him! He's my son. I'm his father. I turned him out of doors. I said to him, 'You had your chance to behave like a son, you chose to go your own way. You can starve for all of me'. I'm not the new American father. I am the old fashion, I am. We keep our word, we Dutch Degenharter's".

A silence answered him eloquently.

"It's not the foot ball, though that's bad enough, it's the disobedience, the principle of the thing. And I don't regret it, if I never see him again. Perhaps he'll come to his senses and come back. When he does, well, I'll make him eat humble pie, I promise you!"

He rose, stepped off the high step and went down the dusty, quiet street. Old Andrews took his pipe, for the second time, from his lips and cleared his throat expressively. Degenharter felt the hotel keeper's piercing little eyes fastened on his back as he walked away. He knew that he was being tried by a jury of peers, and that in his absence sentence would be passed upon him.

"Wait till that mongrel comes back!" he said revengefully to himself.

But the prodigal son did not come back. Rumors came from Philadelphia, some time later, that DeWitt Degenharter could, if

he wished, have his way paid through college for his service to the foot ball team.

"A lie," declared Degenharter. "They don't throw money away like that, even in Philadelphia."

He walked into the hotel office one evening in October and found old Andrews reading aloud, with his heavy Dutch accent from a Philadelphia newspaper. On the farmer's entrance the newspaper was hastily put aside, while the company waited for his departure.

Immediately upon his arrival at his deserted home he sent for a copy of the newspaper and tremblingly he read the death notices; but no familiar name under the D's met his fearful eyes. He turned to the first page and sought out what might be the account of an accident. Then he threw the paper pettishly away. It fell open at a page which no sane man, Degenharter would say, could ever read. But suddenly the memory of the words Andrews had been reading came back to him.

"In the big game of 1908 he blocked the kick, that resulted in Penn's scoring its two points on its opponents safety. In 1909 the most superb punting ever seen on the gridiron; he kept the ball out of danger and prevented the other side from scoring, and in two out of three attempts, kicked field goals, earning for his team a total of six points."

Yes, there it was, and above it, across the page, there was a photograph of eleven heavy bodied, straight haired giants, in the midst of whom his father saw, with amazed resentment, the stolid, good humored, confident face of the mongrel.

Philadelphia is but half an hour's ride from Schwenkville, yet Schwenkville is separated by almost half a hundred years from the life and thought and manners of the great city.

One morning, though, towards the end of November, when Hans Degenharter walked across the old covered bridge and into the town a strange jargon seemed to have taken possession of people's tongues. It was a compound of half comprehended English to which the terms "fullback," "right guard," "left half back," and others like them lent significance.

Even on the vine wreathed piazza of old Andrews' hotel and in the very office itself, men were talking of "magnificent tackles," "bully punting" and "wretched fumbling." Andrews' daughter stood out in the stone-walled garden. She was dressed in navy blue trimmed with red, a blue felt hat trimmed with flaming red poppies, and a blue and red sash. She was also waving a pennant of the same colors at the end of a cane and called across to her friend Nell:

"And he'll win them today, too, Nell," she said. "I'll wager my new hat that—"

"Who'll win, Jane?" asked Nell.

"Win what?" said Degenharter as he paused a moment on his way inside.

The hotel keeper's daughter looked down over the wall. On seeing who her questioner was, a poppy tinted wave of confusion seemed to descend from her hat over her plump, plain face.

"The fullback, Mr. Degenharter," she said demurely; "Pennsylvania's fullback. The game's on today, you know."

Degenharter did not know. Nor did he know the fullback's loyalty to his home town had caused Schwenkville to be chosen as the site of the great game, when the builders' strike had made it impossible for the usual field to be ready in time.

But the eager whispers and suppressed giggles of the girls told him much.

The crowd about Andrews' desk where the old yellow register lay open told him more. He peered a moment over the shoulders in front of him and saw in a big, bold, childish signature—"DeWitt Degenharter." He sent a disgusted glance toward old Andrews who was flattered and gratified at the glory reflected upon his house; at the other heavy, stolid, well known faces, now all aglow with curiosity, excitement and pride.

Then he turned his back upon a time and town so out of joint and, despairing of setting it right, started back to the farm.

So occupied was he, as he walked, with his own bitter thoughts, that for a time he was unconscious of the gradually increasing crowd that went over the same road with him. He reached the railroad track just as the last special train pulled in, and was caught in a whirlpool of sound and motion.

He was jostled, he was stepped upon, he was sworn at. At last he was seized bodily by a shrieking young giant waving a long red and blue cane, who whirled him about to the laughter of the young giant's fellows, and marched him firmly toward the goal whither this army of lunatics were bound.

At last a murderous rage burned in Degenharter's heart. He yearned for his son's strength that he might crush this insolence. But the crowd was too gay, too young, too boisterously overflowing with animal spirits. He could not help being influenced by these light hearted giants. He felt his feet move less and less unwillingly, until at last, he said within himself, "Come, Hans, why not go, too; see what these fools are so mad to see; see that mongrel DeWitt make a mountebank of himself. In such a crowd as this no one will know you; besides, you'll be better able to fight this craze of his. Come!"

He reached the grounds before he had fully debated and de-

cided the question. Once there, there was no longer time or opportunity for hesitation. Hans was pushed as if by irresistible force, to the right, to the left, around a corner and up a narrow fenced-in path, straight to the ticket taker's turnstile.

The ticket taker was a red faced, black moustached fellow, whose eyes were lifted over the heads of the crowd, while his fingers worked automatically. A sudden sense of something lacking, as the pasteboards ceased feeding themselves into his outstretched hands made him lower his eyes to the man before him.

"Step lively, step lively, you old populist!" he cried. "What do you mean by blocking the whole line? Ain't you got sense enough to have your ticket ready or have you lost it?"

Bewilderment seized upon poor Degenharter.

"I want to see the foot ball game," he stammered.

"Oh, do you?" snorted the ticket taker, "whole families have been known to die of want. I suppose you think because you want to see the game nobody else does. Confound it—get your ticket out, or get out yourself."

A feeling of utter helplessness came upon Hans. Behind him the angry crowd, delayed unreasonably—the train had been some minutes late—growled and threatened. Before him the lobster-faced ticket taker became more and more apoplectic. One had to have a ticket to see mongrels make mountebanks of themselves—this became evident from the profane ejaculations of the ticket taker. And the tickets actually cost money.

A strange unaccustomed respect for his son surged up in old Degenharter as he pulled out his wallet. But the crowd behind him hooted. To think of any one's attempting to purchase tickets at the gate where every seat had been reserved weeks before!

"I say, come get hold of that jay!" the ticket taker shouted to a policeman; and the officer, his elbows working like duplex pistons, made his way through the crowd.

"Here, my man," he began grasping Hans' collar. Then suddenly recognizing him: "Why Hans Degenharter, you—at a foot ball game!"

Hans choked with wrath, with vexation, with deep despair. He felt that in a moment he might weep, when he heard his name repeated behind him; first in an amazed whisper, then, louder, and more voices chorusing it, till it rose in a tremendous cheer.

In a moment he was lifted off his feet. The young giant with the small cane swung him up to his shoulder. Another caught the old man's feet, another propped up his back, and riding triumphantly on the shoulders of his son's devoted adherents, the father of the mongrel was borne upon the field.

Before the magic of his name every official bar fell. He was led to the choicest seat in the amphitheater of howling enthusiasts, while the fellow with the small cane beat out an accompaniment upon the air, and the entire human bank of red and blue yelled his name.

"Rah! Rah! Rah! Penn—syl—va—ni—a! Degenharter, Degenharter, Degenharter,—Senior!"

A trembling seized old Hans. To hear these throats of brass and lungs of steel voice his name, to feel the accord of all their gay young hearts, and to be in such accord with them! It was too much for one all unused to fame—and foot ball.

"A corking line up, Sir," said the youth beside him, blushing at the glory of being seated beside one closely related to the hero.

"But Deg's a whale—bulliest fullback Penn ever had."

Hans nodded. He knew his only safety lay in silence. He crossed his gnarled old hands upon his knee and bent forward.

He saw the great bare field, dotted here and there with misshapen, two-legged things, so clumsy, so unwieldy that they seemed strange immovable growths of the earth. He strained his eyes to detect among them that mongrel son whom he had not seen for many weary months.

He blinked in the dazzling light and when he opened his eyes the field was alive. Those stuffed shapes were suddenly active.

Then a ball sailed up and out through the air. A soul-rending shriek went off at Hans' ear. The lad beside him was dancing on one leg, holding his left foot with an expression of purest rapture, while, playing within an inch of Hans' nose, was the quick moving point of a red and blue cane which seemed to strike whoops and yells from the mass above and behind him.

When comparative quiet had been restored, Hans became conscious of a pain in his right hand. That member had been nearly wrenched off by congratulatory handshakes he had suffered. He did not care. He had learned not what, but who the fullback was.

"Game old boy, Deg's dad," said the fellow with the cane, in a bass whisper to a comrade with a tall hat wound in red and blue.

Hans overheard and something melted inside him. He turned away that these new chums of his should not see that his eyes were wet. All of a sudden he felt himself lifted to his feet by the strength of his enthusiasts.

From the throng that caressed him to suffocation, that seethed and bubbled joyously about him, almost overwhelming him with its strong pride, DeWitt Degenharter disengaged himself when he heard his father's voice.

He eyed Hans warily as the crowd made respectful way for

the old man. He did not know his father's purpose, but he said to himself that he was not going to permit any tarnishing of his glories.

A whirl of suggestions, of possibilities rushed through his mind, but as he faced old Hans, the mongrel's stolid face, borrowed a new dignity from his position among men and women.

"Father," he began, slow of speech, but not so sure of himself as he was when he made that eighty yard into the enemy's goal.

But old Hans could not wait.

"I've had your trunk sent up from the hotel to the house, De-Witt," he said sternly. "Follow after it,—and bring the boys with you."

ROWLAND A. BARTEL.

Charge of the Tech Brigade

VIVIAN NORRIS

Half a term, half a term,
Half a term onward,
All in the prison-house
Go thirteen hundred.
"Forward the Tech Brigade!"
"Charge the exam's," he said.
Into the Tech High Jail
Go thirteen hundred.

"Forward the Tech Brigade!"
Is there a kid dismayed?
Not though we know there is
Danger of failing.
Ours not to make reply,
Ours not to whine and cry,
Ours but to flunk and die,
Vain is our wailing.

English to right of us,
Math to left of us,
Science in front of us—
Volleys and thunders!
Stormed at with questions worse
Than a far-reaching curse,
Yet we do not disperse—
All the school wonders.

Then do our pens flash bare,
Flash as they turn in air,
Scribbling the answers where
They may be sundered.
Then, while our poor heads ache
"Profs," with a huge "muck-rake,"
Give us the final "shake."
Poor thirteen hundred!

The Faculty

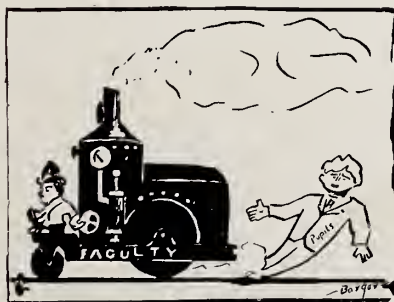
How doth the busy faculty
 Improve each shining hour?
They light upon the boys and girls
 As bees upon a flower;
They feast their eyes upon us when we play,
They haunt us with their presence all the day.

Who dares to cut the study hall
 When Frost is in the chair?
Who dares to raise a "rough house" when
 G. B. is sitting there?
"Who is it, now?" I ask in pleading tones;
"Nobody," echo back the heartless drones.

Nobody races down the hall
 Or uses the wrong stairs,
"Why is this so"? I ask again,
 The answer, "No one dares."
The "flats" are all so awed they cannot speak;
The Soph's won't be outside of jail this week.

The Juniors and the Seniors, too,
 Walk slowly through the halls;
And when a Prof. appears they stand
 With backs against the walls;
They've learned this lesson well to say the least:
"The Faculty's supreme o'er man and beast."

E. N. H.



The Battle of Picacho Peak

THE glaring sun beat down mercilessly upon the fort. The adobe bricks of which the structure was built, seemed ready to melt under its influence. The entire garrison was stretched out asleep in the coolest spots available, save a single sentry, and it would be hard to state how far he was from that condition. As he walked his intermittent rounds, he gazed wistfully at the cool and inviting shade under the cottonwoods by the river—a forbidden spot some distance from the fort, which was not over garrisoned. A low-toned conversation might be heard issuing from the most pretentious building of the group, the single-storied quarters of the captain.

"We've got to do something! Those rebels have got up a regular army down to Mesilla. They'll be all over the landscape in a few days."

The speaker was a young man with the uncouth exterior of a son of the plains, but whose high brow and keen eyes denoted intellect and wit. Dressed in full riding attire and holding his hat in his hand he addressed a man who formed a striking contrast to the cowboy.

The man in question had the emaciated look of a person in the last stages of consumption, which indeed, was the truth, as he had left a very profitable command in the East and had taken this one in order to regain his health. He was attired in a captain's undress uniform that hung loosely upon his wasted form, giving him a scarecrow appearance when he stood in the wind. He seemed to be plunged in deep thought, while the young man shifted his weight impatiently from one foot to the other.

"Mr. Lathorn," finally said the officer, "there's no use keeping anything back, but I don't want you fellows to think we're cowards. To tell the plain truth, I've got only fifteen men in the fort and those varmints of Apaches are on the trail again. According to my opinion they are more to be dreaded than a whole army of your rebels. So I think I'll have to keep what force I have in reserve."

The other frowned and said, "Well, if you can't give us any help you surely can let us fight it out ourselves."

"I've no authority to do anything about that, but I'll go surety that no one will raise any objections," said the captain, hoping to get rid of his visitor. He succeeded, for Mr. Lathorn left the room.

Such was the result of long negotiations with the commander of Fort Shelden, back in '63, when that station was busily engaged

in exterminating the red skins, and was paying little attention to the terrible struggle going on between their brothers in the East.

The cattlemen and the few ranchers who had taken up homesteads in the Rio Grande valley had, however, separated into two factions. Those favoring the union took up their headquarters to the north on the east of the Rio Grande, while the Confederates took their stand at Mesilla, at that time on the west of the river; but owing to a change in the course, it is at present on the east.

When the news of the Confederate victories during the earlier part of the war reached them, the factionists to the south thought it high time to be doing their part. So gathering a regiment of two hundred of the most desperate characters available, they challenged the northerners to mortal conflict. The northerners finding their enemies had a corner in the desperado market, made an appeal to the government troops for support, the result of which we have just seen.

When Mr. Lathorn left the fort, he went directly to the headquarters of the Federalist, a ranch house several miles south of the military post. A council was convened at the time, so Mr. Lathorn made his report. The room was filled with determined-looking men of every age and appearance. There was Brown, the chairman of the meeting, a middle-aged man, tall, bony, and dark complexioned; there was Pat, the red-haired Irishman, who could "ride anything with ha'r on," and whose freckled face, no matter what the circumstance, was always broadened by a grin; there were cowpunchers, broncho-busters and ranchers of every description.

"This is derned risky business," said a small, sallow-faced man in the back of the room.

"If you think so, you croaker, get out; we don't want no cowards in this outfit," announced Lathorn.

"Still, we've only got about a hundred men and they've got at least two hundred and fifty down the Rio," said the chairman. "Howsomever, I don't reckon on stopping fer that."

"I say, Cal," said one, addressing the chairman, "we'd orter send some sort of scout down there to kind o' round things up."

"Who'll we send? I have it!" cried Cal, for so he was called.

"Lathorn here has been away fer a year and nobody knows as he's taken any sides. What d've say to sendin' him?"

"Sure, send Nat," cried Pat.

"But we'd better make sure," said Lathorn, after a moment's thought, "so I'll tell you all what we'll do. The rebels have got a sort of outpost down to old Ladero's place. Tonight we'll all go down south of there, and in the morning you'll have me roped and hog-tied like a runaway steer. When we get to Ladero's, somehow or other I get loose and make a dive for the ranch house. You all

come riding after me shooting to beat blazes and they'll take me in for a refugee, sabe?"

"Three cheers for Nat!" yelled the Irishman, laughing uproariously and enjoying the joke immensely.

The next day several men, belonging to the confederate forces were engaged in their household duties at the outpost, duties which consisted mainly of sitting with their backs up against the shady side of the 'dobe house, smoking.

"I say, Bud," exclaimed one, "what bunch of fools is that, singing like Rocky Mountain canaries?"

The gentleman addressed opened one eye, gave a grunt and went on puffing at his pipe. The first continued watching the advancing party.

"Well, I'll be hanged, if it ain't a bunch of them cussed Yankees," he said at last.

This caused all to open their eyes and take a look.

"They've got a prisoner, too," observed one. As things were getting rather interesting, several of the men rose laboriously to their feet. The party was now almost abreast of the ranch-house and the road being rather close, they began shouting taunts at the loungers, calling them some very impolite names. The rebels were about to return something a little more substantial than words, when suddenly the prisoner appeared to break loose. He turned his horse toward the ranch-house and came on at full tilt with the others bringing up the rear, cursing and shouting like wild Indians in a circus. The prisoner, however, evidently bore a charmed life for he came through without a scratch. A few bullets were exchanged between the two parties, but as the ranchers installed themselves behind three foot 'dobe walls, the others thought it prudent to retire.

As luck would have it, Nat Lathorn ran right into a crowd of his old friends, this lot being composed of the original and more decent of the Southern factionists.

"Derned if it ain't old Nat," said one, when the smoke had cleared away.

"Glad to see you, old pal," said another, "I always thought you'd be on the right side when you came back. How's business out to your ranch?"

"Pretty fair," answered Nat, shaking hands all around. For in former years, before he had gone over to Arizona, Lathorn had been a general favorite. To tell the truth, after his warm reception, Nat felt rather mean. But since he was trusted with a mission and must not consult his own feelings, he resolved to do his best. To all inquiries as to how he was captured, he answered that he was on his way to Mesilla when he ran into the party they had just seen. Now this was an actual fact, for the little drama had been

enacted from start to finish so as to avoid suspicion in case they were watched.

A few days later the Southern faction had a general mass meeting where they discussed the state of affairs. It was there decided that a scout was needed to find out the movements of the enemy. When it came to the question as to who was the best fitted to go, our friend Nat Lathorn was almost unanimously chosen.

Since this was extremely agreeable to Nat, he set out as soon as darkness fell, and as may be expected, he took no great precautions against being seen at the union headquarters. He went directly to the person introduced as the Northern leader, popularly known as California Brown, or Cal for short, and made a report of all that had passed.

"So far, so good," cried Cal. "Now," he continued, "we've been fixing up a little plan to put those cusses out of business. Here it is: You'll encourage them to attack us, telling 'em we're weak and they can lick us easily. You'll let 'em in on what they'll think is our plan. Tell 'em you heard us talking and that we're going to Rand's canyon, where they keep their cayouses, to rustle the whole string. You can bet they'll have a pretty good bunch up there to welcome us; you're to let us know the particulars. Now, our job will be for half of us to get up on that ledge where old Peters thought he made his great gold hit, and the rest of us to be somewhere on the other side, down toward the mouth of the canyon. Then we can pepper them wherever they turn. Sabe? There won't be a blamed one of 'em left to tell the tale."

While this plan was being expounded, a violent conflict was going on in Nat's mind, the outward manifestations being very plain to anyone seeing his clenched fists and drawn face. But Cal was not looking.

"Yes, I see," he cried, "but I'm afraid I'm not your man."

"What! ye ain't afraid?" exploded Cal, who expected to have the plan received enthusiastically.

"No," answered Lathorn, slowly, "No, I'm not afraid, but I'll never play so dirty a turn on the fellows that have treated me so white since I've been with them. If it was only that bunch of horse-thieves that they've got down there it would be a different matter, but they're not the only ones. I'm willing to do anything fair to help lick 'em fairly, but for such dirty work as you propose, you'll have to find another man."

Cal paced up and down the room, muttering curses between his teeth. He knew well that he had no other man fit for the delicate work which he had wished Lathorn to do. He turned suddenly from the young man.

"So you won't do it?"

"No, sir."

"Well, you're blamed white about it anyhow," growled Cal, somewhat cooled off, "what ye goin' to do?"

"Anything square. If those men were others than they are, it might be different; 'All's fair in war,' they say, but when it comes to sellin' a bunch that have been my friends for years to wholesale slaughter, well, blank the war anyhow."

Cal looked him over with something of admiration. Then waving his hand toward the door, he said gruffly, "Go on with your job."

About half an hour after Lathorn had left the confederate headquarters on the mission which we have just followed, the leader of the Southern faction, whose name, by the way, was Lee and who boasted of being related to the great champion of his great cause in the East, inquired for Nat. Finding that he had already left, Lee called a young man, telling him to saddle up immediately and ride after Lathorn. When he found him he was to deliver a note containing instructions.

The messenger knew that there was only one road which Lathorn could have taken, so although it was dark, he was certain that he could not miss him. He arrived at the Union ranch without finding his man, so he decided to wait until Lathorn had completed his operations and would return. Gazing toward the mountains he wondered what progress the war was making far beyond that rocky barrier toward the rising sun. He thought he saw a fire up on one of the peaks and wondered who was up there; but no, the fire seemed to rise in the air, slowly but surely. It was only a star rising over the crest of Baldy. Down toward the southeast the sky began to glow; brighter and brighter it became, as some great conflagration approaching. In a moment the silver moon peeped over the ridge, throwing long, deep shadows across the plain.

Suddenly the messenger was aroused from his reverie by the opening of a door. Realizing that he was in plain sight now that the moon had risen, he thrust his horse into the deep shadow of some tornica bushes. When he looked toward the building to see what was going on, he gave a start.

"Well, I'll be darned!" he exclaimed, as he saw Nat step out of the room. "This looks mighty bad to me."

Now this young man was one of those who had "rescued" Lathorn from his pursuers a week before, and he knew that Lathorn was so well known that he could not have deceived the Unionists. He concluded to remain in the background for the present as he feared greatly that if Nat found him he would let the moonlight into him. So he remained concealed for an hour after the spy had left, and then started back slowly.

Early the next morning he found Lee and told him all that had

happened. Lee listened in silence, appearing to be much disturbed. "I thought he was all right," he said at last. "However, we can't arrest him just for this, or we'll have the whole outfit down on our heads. We'll have to get absolute proof."

They had not long to wait for this proof, however. The next night a scouting party, consisting of two rather dubious parties and Nat, was sent out. On their return, their attention was attracted by several shots and shouts on one of the streets of Las Cruces, which was then but a very small village. The party immediately went to see what was the matter. There were evidently three men fighting, the one alone knocking down the other two as fast as they came at him. They had evidently expended what ammunition they had without results. When the scouts came a little closer they recognized the two men as members of their own camp and the single man was Cal. All, except Nat, went straight to work to help their comrades. Nat hesitated; it was a case of friendship or a cause.

"If I help Cal," he thought, "the plans of the campaign will all be spoiled and we can run the chance of both being killed or captured. Yet, if we lose our leader, we'll be in a fix, and in either case if I don't help the rebels I'll be suspected."

Taking his chances on the former, he rushed into the fray which was getting rather hot for Cal, striking right and left with his shot-loaded quirt, and aiming at the men's faces. He finally succeeded in getting his leader outside the scuffle, as all the men were bewildered by the sudden attack, and some were temporarily blinded by the quirt. He dismounted and fairly lifted Cal into the saddle.

"Go for your life!" he said.

"But they'll—"

"Never mind me. You're the commander and there—"

At that instant Nat fell unconscious, having received a blow over the head with the butt of a gun. Cal attempted to defend him, but finding that the fight would end in both being killed, he dug the spurs into the horse and struck northward.

The confederates when they found that their quarry was escaping, opened a furious fire, with no other effect than smashing several windows and bringing down volumes of uncouth imprecations upon their heads from the owners, some of whom were rather rudely disturbed by having a shower of glass fall on their beds and a bullet stick in the wall. Seeing that this was useless, the southerners turned their attention to Nat, whom they found to be still unconscious.

When he came to his senses, he found himself a prisoner for the second time in a few weeks, but this time in real earnest. He was tied hand and foot and securely strapped to the saddle.

"Maybe ye won't stampede so easy this time, eh?" asked one.

"So we've got our first spy," said another.

The emphasis on the word spy made Nat shudder. He expected no mercy from these men. Nevertheless, he resolved to see the game out, and if the worst came to the worst, they could do nothing more than hang him.

And the worse did seem to be coming to the worst when at early dawn several sinister looking men led him out of the room where he was confined. Those who knew about the episode of the previous night, had decided to take the matter into their own hands and put him out of the way before he could appeal to his old friends. They took him to a cottonwood tree from which was suspended a horrible looking rope with a noose in it. As he was made to climb to the top of a barrel under the rope, he faced the East where he saw the crimson arch, the herald of approaching day and of the sun, which, it seemed, he was never to see again. The whole of these proceedings had been carried on in silence. When all was ready and the noose was about the prisoner's neck, one of the men stepped forward and addressed him, trying to give the words he had heard at a trial.

"Nathanial Lathorn, we are about to hang you by the neck until you die of heart failure, as an example to all other spies and such cattle as tries to betray the great Confederate States of America."

So saying he raised his foot to kick the barrel out from under Lathorn.

"Have you anything to say?" he asked, remembering the custom.

Lathorn had no time to answer for hearing a cry, all turned to see Captain Lee, as he was called, rushing toward them.

"What the blankety blank are you fools doing?" he yelled.

"Executing for spying," answered the man.

"And by what right?" asked Lee with angry dignity.

"By our own right," muttered the man.

"Well, hereafter you refer all matter of this sort to me," he said, "and what's more you just take that rope off that gent and apologize for being so rude."

The men grumblingly obeyed, mumbling an apology and then getting out of sight as fast as possible. Lee first heard the whole story from one of the men and then went to see Nat.

"Lathorn," he said, "I'm sorry all this happened and I'm afraid I'll have to hold you as a spy. I'd hate to have anything happen to you, but you know I have to stick to the rules of war. Were you really sent by the other party?"

"I was," said Nat quietly.

"I'm very sorry," said Lee as he withdrew shaking his head.

The worst feature of Nat's captivity was the taunts of some of

the men. Although Lathorn kept a calm face, his mind was far from being calm. Once his guard began making sport of him.

"Your fine friends will be up yonder to meet you, as it goes now," said he.

"And I'd like to know who's going to send them there," answered Lathorn, who usually kept silence. But he thought this time that he might draw out his enemies' plans.

"And I'd like to know who couldn't," retorted the guard who had more than his share of "snake bite."

"Not you-all," said Nat.

"Just wait; they won't be a one of 'em alive in a week."

Lathorn made a disdainful gesture.

"So you don't believe me?" asked the guard growing warm.

"No."

"You call me a liar?" he fairly shouted.

"You're a liar," said Lathorn.

"If you wasn't a prisoner of war," said the guard choking with rage, "I'd wring your neck! Look ye here!" he continued, "and I'll tell ye a thing or two that maybe ye don't know. Those blank Yankees are comin' or think they're comin' down here to pay us a friendly visit next Monday evening. I guess they didn't want it to be too much of a surprise, so one of them came down and just told us kind o' quiet that we could have a reception committee to meet 'em in Picacho arroyo, so we'll—," here he stopped. A call from without summoned him.

"So this fool has let out a state secret, has he?" said Nat to himself. "They're going to surprise our outfit in that death-trap and shoot 'em down like so many Jack-rabbits. But what good does it do for me to know? What chance have I to tell them?" he thought bitterly.

He now for the first time began to look at his surroundings. He was confined in a small stone building—the only building of the kind in town,—used ordinarily as the jail. It had a single door, and a small barred window just above his head. If it had been an ordinary 'dobe house, he might have had a chance to dig through and escape, but the solid granite walls, the materials of which had been brought from the mountains, would resist all such attempts. He found that by standing upon a bench which was in the room, he could look out of the window which overlooked the Rio Grande. He would stand there for hours, looking out of this window, thinking of the awful doom which hung over his friends while he was powerless to let them know. If he could only get one sentence to them the danger might be warded off until they had more time. He could hear the shouts and commands of the officers outside and concluded that they were making preparations for the fight. He

wondered who the deserter was who had so basely betrayed them.

At sunset on Monday evening, Lathorn was standing at the window thinking that he would never see his old comrades again. Presently, his attention was attracted by a movement among the bushes on the other side of the river. The stream was not very wide at this point and he could see what was going on quite plainly. In a moment a man, crouching almost to the ground, came cautiously out of the undergrowth. He was evidently spying upon the camp and must be one of Lathorn's friends. Maybe, he was looking for him. If only he could signal to him. Lathorn watched him intently, for in spite of the distance he thought the face looked familiar. Suddenly he gave a start.

"I'll be hanged if it ain't Dick Williams!" he exclaimed.

Dick Williams was a boyhood friend of Lathorn's and as they had had a code of signals when they were children, Nat thought there was a bare possibility of communicating with him, provided he could attract his attention, and provided he could remember the code. He managed to get his arm forced between the bars of the window so that he could wave a handkerchief. He waved their old call that they had used when children—three swings in a circle, then two shakes up and down. Repeating this over and over, he was almost despairing of attracting the man's attention when that person caught sight of the signal. Instantly he remembered the old war games and knew that it could be no other than his old play-fellow, Nat. Taking his hat he made an answering signal, very carefully and half hidden by the bushes. Nat then slowly spelled out his warning. It consisted of but three words,—“Tonight; they know.”

He was just giving the good bye shake when a shout was heard outside. Instantly Nat pulled in his arm, dragged the bench to a corner and sat down with his head on his hands. He was none too soon for after firing half a dozen shots the door was thrown open and the guard entered. When he saw Nat, he laughed harshly.

“So ye're havin' conversations, are ye?” he said with a sneer. “Well, I guess your pal won't disturb ye any more.”

With that, the man left, locking the door behind him. No sooner was this done than Nat sprang up, climbed up to the window and looked anxiously out. The scene that met his eyes made his head swim; he almost fell to the floor. There on the opposite bank of the river lay the prostrate form of Dick Williams. Nat clung to the bars to keep from falling, watching the form on the opposite bank until darkness closed in, hoping against hope that the body would rise, but it did not. Sick and faint he sank down upon his straw bed. His last hope was gone; the only friend who possessed the secret was dead. In a few hours his comrades would be sur-

rounded and shot down like so many cattle by a pack of blood-thirsty human beasts. He tried to rise; his head reeled and he fell back unconscious.

Not many minutes had passed after Lathorn had given himself over to despair, when the huddled form on the east bank of the river rose painfully and staggered toward the trail to union ranch. One arm hung limp and useless at his side and his shirt was soaked with blood, contrasting strangely with the ghastly paleness of his face. When he felt himself thrown violently to the ground by a terrific blow on his shoulder, his first impulse had been to get up and run; but on second thought he decided to sham being killed until after dark, thus avoiding pursuit, since no one would attempt to cross the deadly quicksands at that point simply to recover a corpse.

Accordingly he had lain in the same position, his shoulder causing him terrible pain, until the night closed in. Then, though weak and faint from loss of blood, he made his way back to the Union camp, some ten miles, and gave the warning. Cal immediately called a council of war to determine upon a course of action. They all knew that they were to pass through a veritable death trap, but they had relied upon secrecy for protection.

"The mystery of the case is, how they ever found it out," said Cal.

"I'll let yez in on that," said Pat, "it wuz that cuss Clifton that we all's thought was killed. He's a deserter."

As this was the only explanation forthcoming, the company had to be satisfied and proceed with more important business. It was finally decided to go by a different route, much more difficult, but safe, to send out some scouts to ascertain the position of the enemies and to attack them on the flanks and rear of their own ambush. Acting upon this scheme, the little band of one hundred men, crossed the Rio Grande by the usual ford; then, instead of following up a long canyon-like valley as they planned, they took the much more difficult route of crossing the steep spur of Picacho Peak and remaining concealed in a deep defile of that mountain.

An extensive panorama stretched out before them as they lay concealed. Just below them the mountains fell away rapidly, the slope coming to an abrupt stop where the plain stretched away toward the South. All looked as still and quiet as the moon that cast its soft light over the dry and thirsty mesa, softening the rugged features of the landscape. But in spite of the uncertainty of any weather forecasts in the Southwest, every man knew that a storm would soon be upon them. For far to the south a rapidly widening black line concealed the heavens, while it was constantly illuminated by noiseless flashes.

After an hour's wait, the scouts returned with the report that the enemy, not suspecting in the least that their would-be victim had given away their secrets, were safely installed in an ambuscade. The night was ideal for their purpose. The storm that had been brewing in the south had cast a dense black veil over the sky. With the thunder beating the advance among the mountains, the little army silently made its way along the steep sides of a deep arroyo which ran behind the enemy's position. The scouts acting as guides, directed the advance. Presently the guides stopped, looked around, and, recognizing their land marks, made a sign for a cautious advance up the precipitous bank. They knew that the enemy was concealed on a sort of terrace cut in the side of the arroyo, through which the supposed route of the Unionists lay. When the party had reached the top of the ridge, they crouched down, and slowly and stealthily, like cats stalking a bird, made their way to the other slope. The clouds now became so thin that a little of the moonlight filtered through. Peering between the bushes, our friends saw a long irregular line of indistinct forms lying prone, each with a bright rifle barrel pointed toward the trail below.

Meanwhile the Confederates had been lying for hours without being able to make a sound. Then the storm came up and still they lay with the cold rain drenching them through and through. Yet their quarry did not show up. Many were the thoughts that passed through the men's minds. The Yankees must be afraid of the rain, or they must have taken another route, or else they themselves had been "faked." However, none dared discuss his opinion with his neighbor, as they had been told in a friendly manner by Lee, that the first person who spoke, would never perform that useful function again. So they considered it prudent to keep their opinions to themselves for the time being. At last Lee himself began to doubt, and was turning over in his mind the advisability of remaining there for the night, when a shot rang out. Instantly the air was filled with shouts, curses, powder-smoke and bullets. One of the men shouted in a terror stricken voice, "It's the Apaches!" Instantly the cry was taken up, "Run for your lives!" "The Apaches!" "We're surrounded!" With a mad rush the whole outfit tumbled down to the bottom of the arroyo, scattering and running in every direction. They ran blindly, without regard to direction, with the visions of bloody scalps and reeking tomahawks in their hands. They ran till they were out of breath, and still they ran till they dropped one by one from utter exhaustion.

When Cal and his comrades made their desperate charge on a body of three times their number, they considered it as a last resource. They expected that many would be killed and that victory could only be dearly bought. But they had not counted upon the

superstitious and cowardly characters with whom they had to deal. It will be remembered that the Southern faction, which at first consisted of a few very decent men, had first choice at picking an army. Their policy had been to enlist the most notorious characters obtainable and it appeared that these had imparted their characteristics to the rest. So, when the whole of the enemy had fled, except Lee, who stood his ground to the end, the Unionists were greatly surprised and much relieved.

On looking around for any wounded, they found besides Lee, two men dead. One was unknown to them, the other was the traitor Clifton who had met with his reward, or rather his reward had met him in the shape of a small bit of lead. They decided to return and bury the dead the next day.

The next move was to make a raid on the enemy's camp and rescue the man who had, unknowingly, led them to victory.

The moon was dropping behind the Tres Hermanas, leaving a sky so calm and serene that one wondered whether the recent storm had not been a work of the imagination. The last glow had faded from the West, when Lathorn was aroused from his stupor by shouting and cheering in the distance; the sound came nearer; the cry of victory rang in his ears. It was all over; they had done the work; Cal, Dick, Pat—all the rest,—were no more. He almost fainted again at the thought. And now the victors were returning to celebrate their victory by hanging him. What cared he? He only hoped they would make a quick job of it. Now the noise seemed to surround the camp. Nat thrust his fingers into his ears and tried to shut out the unwelcome rejoicing. Presently he was brought to his senses by hearing the door smashed in. The whole cell was filled with a lurid glare. He staggered to his feet and looked blankly at the crowd. Suddenly he put his hand to his head and staggered back; there right before him, their faces reddened by the glare of the fires, their clothes soaking wet and covered with sand and mud, stood Cal, Dick, Pat and all the rest. He saw nothing but huge fires and a seething mass of humanity, which was shouting unintelligible things. Lathorn next became aware that he had been picked from his feet and was being carried around. He concluded that the prophecy of his guard had come true, and that all was over and instead of being "up yonder" to meet him, his friends had preceded him to that tropical country of which he had heard much, and where all cowpunchers were said to go. Then his overwrought brain became clouded and all became blank.

When he next opened his eyes, he was sitting in an easy chair with Cal on one side and a doctor from Las Cruces on the other.

"I guess they put it on too thick, didn't they, old pal?" said Cal.

"What's happened?" asked Nat weakly.

"Well, that's a long story and I guess we'd better wait until tomorrow," answered Cal.

"I want to hear it now," said Lathorn, "I'm all right."

So Cal on seeing an affirmative nod from the doctor, consented.

For some time after he had finished his tale, no one spoke. At last Lathorn, aroused for a moment, began.

"I guess war isn't such a lot of tomfoolery as a fellow might think. I haven't seen much, but I've seen enough."

"And I'm with you there," answered Cal heartily. And the doctor agreed.

JAMES BJERREGAARD.

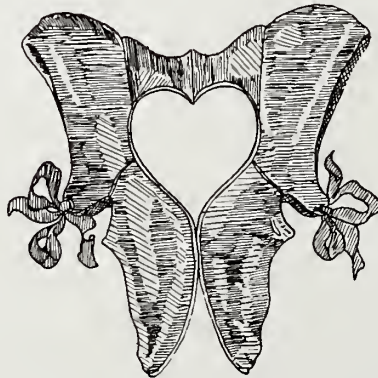
A Lesson

A youth there was, of good descendants, too,
Set out one morn, a lovely maid to woo;
But when he saw her head he did not care,
For lo! she wore another woman's hair.

AND ITS SEQUEL

A maid there was, her name I do not know,
Was called upon one evening by her beau;
But when she saw him, her heart ceased to beat;
Another calf's own hide was on his feet.

EDWARD HERR.



A Harrowing Tale of the Laboratory

I

Little Johnny was a Soph
Who once had been a Flat,
He specialized in Chemistry
There is no doubt of that.

II

What if he mixed the rules up bad?
Explosives near the flame
Will probably go up in smoke,
But Johnny's not to blame.

III

One day Johnny read the rules,
But got them sadly mixed,
He set his generator up;
Things were nicely fixed.

IV

But he placed the outlet tube
Near the Bunsen flame,
Then he read the rules again,
(Wasn't it a shame?)

V

Next he added H_2O
(That's what he took it for),
But what he thought was H_2O
Was H_2SO_4 !

VI

Alas, alas, for little John!
The angels him did call,
He specialized in chemistry
Because he knew it all.

Moral

Now if you take up chemistry
With smiling face so placid,
If you wish to add some water pure,
Don't use sulphuric acid!

V. N.

The Wreck of the Fairchance

“ALL hands shorten sail!” The crew sprang into the shrouds, for the Fairchance was a Nantucket whaler and on whalers the entire crew were kept on deck all day instead of having the regular watches on and off as on merchantmen.

“Let go the topgallant halyards! Clew up fore and aft! Let go the foretopsail halyards!” These orders came in quick succession from the mate and soon the Fairchance was running quietly along under reduced sail. Then everybody except the first mate and the watch on deck went below for “grub.” The sun had long since disappeared and now the long twilight was gone. The bright blue of the sky had deepened to black and was pierced by the stars which stood out like burnished points. All was quiet save for the lazy flapping of the sails and the dull monotone of the ropes running back and forth in the blocks.

The Fairchance was a bark of four hundred tons, heavily timbered about the bow to withstand the crushing of the ice-packs, though the bow could scarcely be distinguished from the stern by its lines. Her masts stood straight up without the slightest rake and her bowsprit pointed skywards at an angle of nearly forty-five degrees. At the main royal-mast head was the “crow’s nest.” This was a large barrel fixed so that the look-out standing in it could rest his arm on the rim and be comfortable no matter how much the ship rolled and pitched beneath him. When on the “grounds” this was the focus of the ship’s interest because it was usually from there that the look-out’s cry of “Bl-o-o-o-o-w” was heard telling of the discovery of a “pod” of whales. On deck amid-ships stood the “tryworks,” a square brick furnace in which were two great kettles for reducing the blubber to oil. Along each rail were some heavy, clumsy, wooden davits from which were hung five of the long, double-ended whale-boats, while two more were lashed to the decks because a “Nantucket sleigh-ride” behind a whale very often had a very disastrous ending.

The departure of the Fairchance had been an event, even for Nantucket. Captain Selvege, a retired whaler and Nantucket’s most prominent citizen, had built her as a wedding present to his son who was to make his first cruise as skipper in her. The best blacksmith in port had forged her harpoons and lances. Their heads were as keen as razors and their shafts were made of the best malleable iron, so soft that they could be tied into a knot. The best carpenter had made her boats, the best rigger had set up her rigging and each

had done his most careful work for his pay was to be a "lay" in the ship's catch.

Immediately after the ceremony the young captain had taken his bride on board for a three years' honeymoon to the Behring and Japan seas. Then Nantucket climbed to the little "bridge" or platform which bestraddled the ridge-pole of every house and watched the little bark as she weighed anchor and sailed out of the harbor carrying with her Nantucket's prayers. A mother prayed for the safety of her son; a wife prayed for that ship's return in safety with her husband; while the hatchet-faced sailmaker and the rigger and the carpenter prayed that the cruise would be short and that cachalots would be plentiful so that their "lays" would be large. So far the prayers were being answered, for the Fairchance had made a fast voyage (for a whaler) and was off *Tierra Del Fuego*.

Down the forecandle, dimly visible through the smoke of many pipes could be seen the watch below sitting on boxes and sea chests. An old teapot lamp hanging amidships gave but a few gleams of light and thick volumes of smoke. At every roll of the vessel the lamp swung back and forth like a censer, now bringing a face into bright relief causing the eyes to glitter under bushy brows and now casting it into the shadow so that the eyes were only deep black holes as in a skull.

"Mates, we're goin' to run through the Strait of LeMaire and then we'll round old Cape Horn. I heard the skipper tell the mate so when I went aft to take the wheel." The speaker, Sam, was a young fellow just sprouting a beard, but who, because he had already had one cruise after whales, considered himself a veteran.

"What! this wind jammer through the Strait of LeMaire!" exclaimed an old weather beaten sailor.

"Yes, that's what he said," replied Sam. "And surely, Joe, you're not gallied at a little bit of water like that."

"Well son, if you'd ever been in those tide rips with a contrary breeze and then had the fog drop down as thick as pea soup you wouldn't be so quick to talk of being gallied—"

"O God!" The cry came in a half groan from a man in a bunk. All during the cruise this man had kept to himself. He had sat apart from the others and had smoked in silence. At times he would be like one under a spell; his pipe would go out in his mouth and yet he would sit with his arms resting on his knees, intently looking down at the planking but seeing nothing. If spoken to at such times he would start back gibbering inarticulately and peer up fearfully at his questioner, then seeing who it was he would smile foolishly and mutter something about being startled. The hands had tried to find out the reason for these strange actions but on being questioned the Canadian (they did not know his real name) would grow sul-

len and so the crew let him alone and began to regard him with wholesome fear.

At his first exclamation he had sat up in his bunk and now, seeing that the crew were all observing him wonderingly, he leaned over the edge and continued: "Do any of you men know how this bark was built?" he asked. Then without waiting for an answer he said, "No, you don't or you wouldn't be here! Maybe you know that before it was finished they got a new set of carpenters and sent the old ones back into the woods. To cut out timber for her sticks is what they said, but I was up there and I gammed with one of them. When they were making the keel they stole a piece of wood to mortise into it, so that it would make the bark sail faster at night. But," here he paused, and scanned the circle of watching faces, "But the first blow struck in fashioning that keel drew fire! Do you know what that means?" he asked fiercely.

There was a quick intaking of breaths around the group as Joe breathed the word, "Shipwreck."

"But," faltered Sam, "there is silver in the main mast-step. A silver dollar. I heard Captain Selvege say himself how he put it there."

"Yes," returned the Canadian, "the old sea lawyer took good care that you should, too; but all the silver in the states would do no good for if that sign should fail, we've got a woman on board. We couldn't have wanted a fairer breeze than we had today, yet along about four bells in the afternoon watch up comes the skipper's wife and stands by the mizzen mast and begins to whistle. The skipper himself told her to stop. But did you ever know St. Antonio to fail when once called on? He will send us wind and such a capful as the Fairchance will never weather; still the skipper is going to run through the Strait of LeMaire.

"Then she, the witch, pretended that she was mad at being spoken to so sharply and ran below and got those two stones that the skipper uses to ballast his papers with in his locker. She took those stones and hove them over the side into the sea. Then she laughed and said that they were ugly things and that he didn't need them anyhow. It wasn't enough for her to call on a blessed saint, but she needs must call on the devil for a storm. Oh, why did I ever join this accursed ship? If I only hadn't gone on that spree. It left me starving. I had to get a ship. They read papers to us but I did not understand or care. I signed, not knowing she was a whaler, so I could not know she was the one the carpenter meant. All I wanted was some grub. Then when I found she was a whaler I began to think and when the woman came on board I suspected and I watched, and today I have seen and I know that the ship is doomed."

"Can't we tell the skipper and ask him not to go through the Strait?" asked Sam.

"Tell the skipper that his wife is a witch!" exclaimed the Canadian with withering scorn.

"Yes, lad, if you are hungering for a taste of the cat-o-nine-tails, go ahead. She has cast a spell over him and over us all. We all do just what she wishes. We are going to Davey Jones Locker in the Strait of LeMaire just because she wishes us to. She is the Jonah that has brought us to all this and there is only one way to get free from her spells." Here the Canadian leaned forward again and looked at the circle with glittering eyes and asked, "Do you know that way?" Each man looked at his neighbor in breathless silence. Then eight bells was sounded on deck and the other watch came tumbling below.

Daylight broke with Cape San Diego over the Fairchild's starboard. But the sky, instead of turning to its customary blue, became a sickly green and the sun was muffled in a greasy haze. The waves instead of running in long regular swells ran together as in a cross-sea and humped themselves up in little bunches throwing off a tiny flutter of a spray which usually fell against the wind. The old, weatherwise hands began to shake their heads, while the skipper was seen to consult the barometer more often than usual. As the day wore on the sky became darker, though there were no clouds, and such an uncomfortable "jobble" of sea got up that the "green" hands began to experience a queer feeling in their stomachs.

All through the morning the men gathered in little groups with their heads close together, but on the approach of an officer they immediately broke up and went about their work in sullen silence. They watched the weather brewing out at sea and then cast black glances at the cabin in which the skipper's wife was staying. The Canadian had lost his hermitical habit and seemed to be everywhere. He was the first to point out the condition of the sky and waves. He explained to the "greenies" their meaning and how the sky was growing darker and darker. When the order came to brace the yards around for the tack into the Strait, he nodded his head significantly toward the cabin.

As they rounded the cape, Staten Island appeared over their starboard bow with its snow covered peaks and ridges. Lower down the snow filled valleys, and gulches were relieved against the dark grays and blacks of the mountain slopes. As they drew nearer these grays and blacks changed to the dark green of firs and evergreens. The strait itself was alive with birds. Great flocks of ducks drifted aimlessly overhead. The huge, white albatross careened and sailed back and forth, up and down and around the ship. The little Cape Horn pigeons with wings of mottled black and white, the coal black gulls, the pure white gulls, the brown gulls, the little robin-sized gulls, the big hawk-like gulls, all circled and sailed or floated or swam or dived about the bark. Once the craft ran into a flock of penguins and sent them scampering away diving from wave

to wave, in one side and out on the other, until they looked like a school of fish with short, dumpy, black backs and with white stripes on either side. But the crew had no eyes for them; the sky was almost black, the sun was just a smudge, and heavy black clouds fringed with lightning had appeared on the horizon.

"A sail ho! on the starboard bow!" The cry came from the lookout. Everybody looked and there, close to shore was a bark headed up the Strait under short sail. She was very low in the water and her sails were brown and weather beaten.

The skipper's wife came out of the cabin. "What do you make her to be, John?" she asked.

"Derelict," was the short reply as her husband gave another glance at the approaching clouds. The wind and the waves were both rising and sail had to be taken in.

"But I see somebody on board her. See! See, they are waving to us." She tugged at the skipper's arm and pointed. There, sure enough, a figure could be seen waving to the men. "Surely you are not going to leave them," she pleaded.

The skipper looked at the other ship. She was so close to the rocks, yet she was a bigger ship than the Fairchance and as deep in the water as though homeward bound. He looked again at the nearing storm, then down at his pleading wife, hesitated, then gave the order to bear off toward the water-logged bark.

The crew, however, made the bark out to be something entirely different. On first sighting her Sam declared her to be the Ghost Ship of LeMaire. For on his last voyage (and first) had they not gammed with the Sarah Sue, who had run through the Strait and sighted her? And could any but a ghost ship be so low in the water and not sink, or could such weather beaten sails exist anywhere else and not fall to shreds?

"But," said the Canadian, "the Ghost Ship is a brig. This is a bark—and it's the Flying Dutchman. Their captain couldn't round Cape of Good Hope because of contrary winds, so he cursed God and swore he would round it in spite of Him. God decreed that he should never pass the cape and ever since he has been sailing his ship against contrary winds. Look! There is old Van Straaten himself. He has come at the call of the witch."

They were heading toward the other ship when the storm broke. The sudden force of the wind rolled the Fairchance over on her beam ends. Then the foresail and the foretopsail split and the fore-topgallant sail was carried all away while hanging in the buntlines. This relieved her and she slowly righted. As she was doing so there was a sudden jar and a grinding under the keel. The Fairchance had struck.

"See! The Flying Dutchman is gone! It was a trap! The Witch! The Witch!" It was the Canadian who was crying. He started aft with the crew following like sheep. Then the next wave broke over them. When it cleared away the Canadian and Sam had the wheel, the rest of the crew were untangling themselves from the lee rail, and the skipper's wife was overboard. The wave had forced the Fairchance over the reef and she was now flying before the wind.

The crew burst into a cheer. The spell was broken; the witch was overboard; now all would be well. But it was not all well for the bark was in the grasp of one of the fierce tide rips and was presently grounded again. As each succeeding wave drove her firmer and firmer on the rocks the crew climbed into the rigging and lashed themselves there. The rollers came in heavier and she began to pound and the masts began to settle. Then Sam, who was in the mizzen rigging, heard his name called. He looked around and saw the Canadian; but not the Canadian they had known that morning. It was the Canadian they had known on the first of the cruise—the Canadian who cowered and started and cringed and gibbered at every strange sound. He was cringing now.

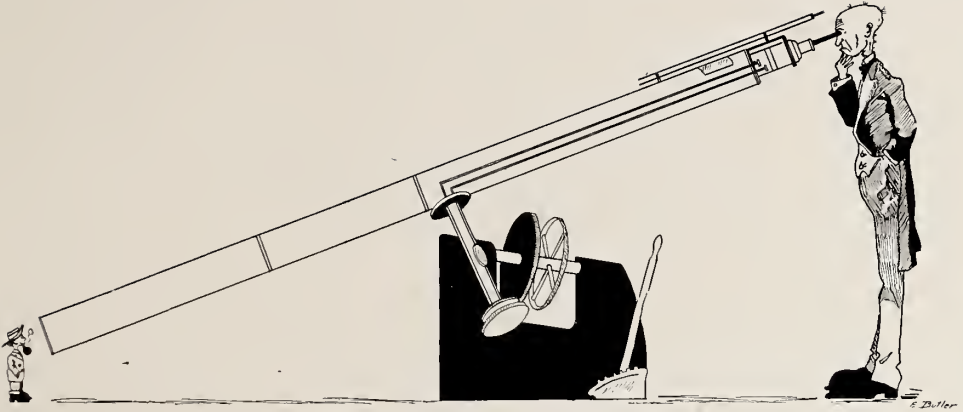
"Sam! Sam, please listen, Sam. We're going to die, and I have to tell. It wasn't the woman, Sam. It was me. Me that brought all the bad luck. I was the Jonah, not the woman. Sam! Sam! don't look that way! Let me explain. I couldn't do it. It was too hard to die. You wouldn't like to die, Sam, would you? But we are all going to die now; he has come for me. He is down in the water there, waiting now. He was my first matey, Sam. It was on board the Pole Star. I was a little greenie then. I had run away from home to go to sea and the hands all bullied and cuffed me and kicked me until he took my part. I was the cabin boy, but at the evening smoke I went foreward and he used to spin cuffers to me. He taught me to sailorize, to tie fancy knots and to do scrimshone; and I wasn't half as big as you, Sam, not half.

"Then one day we made a port in the islands and our watch got shore leave and me and him and another bought some native rum. It was villainous stuff and we got drunk. Then he and the other quarreled and they fought and he killed the other. We hid and they thought it was the natives that did it. But we were missed from the ship, so they hunted for us and found us and then they tried to make us tell what had happened, but we wouldn't. So they triced us up by the thumbs so that we could only touch the deck with our tip toes. Then they lashed us and I told. I couldn't help it, Sam; I wasn't half as big as you. They strung him up on the yard arm before sundown. But just before he was strung up he said that I had sworn away his life and that he would call for mine."

"And he did. It was yesterday, just before the change of watches. He was down in the water and he beckoned me to come. But I couldn't it was so nice up on deck, the air was so sweet, and the water was so cold and dark and you can't breathe water, Sam. He said that my time was up and that I had to come. All I had to do was to slip into the water. It was so easy, but I couldn't. Then the watches changed and the mate ordered us below and I went, though I knew he would surely get me. Yes, I know how. Don't! Don't strike me, Sam! The woman? Yes, I'll tell. I knew he would get me and I knew that when the storm came the crew would take me for the Jonah from the way I had acted all during the cruise. No, he would have gotten me a little sooner, that was all; but I wanted to live that little while. It was so hard to die—Yes! I'm going on, Sam! All during the mess time I was thinking and then I thought about the woman. You all believed what I said about her, so I was glad. I could have laughed and danced though I knew he was following us. All during this morning I pointed out the coming of this storm and talked of the woman. You all believed me; you were all my dupes and I was still living. Then when we got off the reefs I thought he had mistaken the woman for me and that I wouldn't have to go, so I cheered and you all cheered after me. But we went on the rocks again, so I knew that he was still following. He's down there now; that's why we are breaking up so fast. I can feel the masts settling. He nearly has me, and I don't want to go. Threw away all your lives for a few hours of my own? Yes, but I had to live! I couldn't die—The rope! Sam! you're cutting it! Sam—"

The survivors heard a shriek and saw the Canadian fall from the rigging into the sea. Then a larger roller than usual came thundering in and left in its trough nothing but a few bits of wreckage.

BERNE W. DAY.



The Teacher at his Desk

I

A teacher sat down at his desk
Surveying drawings three;
He wondered how the "dubs" that drew
Could ever come to be.

He wondered where the dotted line
Which this drawing lacks,
But he prepared to put it in
After obtaining tacks.

The tacks he from a pocket drew
Very near his hips;
The pen he filled with India ink
And bit his finger tips.

Alas! the pen had gone awry,
So he needed an eraser,
This also from a pocket came
Where one would keep a "chaser."

The pen point now became clogged up
And needed a good cleaner,
With that, hip pocket empties out—
The teacher grew some leaner.

After cleaning the clogged point
It was a bit too round,
So from a pocket came a stone,
With which the pen was ground.

He now continued with the line,
But the ink refused to flow.
He then pulled out a hammer stout,
And struck the pen a blow.

He now the paper slightly tore
So that it needed a sticker,
This from his pocket he produced
With an automatic lick.

Thus we could go on for quite a while,
Until the reader sleeps,
Enumerating what Mr. Matthews
In his many pockets keeps.

II

A teacher sat down by his desk
To write a book of Math;
The work it grew so very hard,
He gave his head a bath.

Then he proceeded, with the book
Concerning "X" and "Y,"
Till suddenly he had to stop
To readjust his tie.

At home he had to stop again,
Which made the book a mess;
For rain had fallen on that day
So his trousers he did press.

And when he came to school next day
With tho't of kids to "kan,"
He forgot the kids and wondered much
If his shoes were still bright tan.

And now from off his eyes he took
His little pincher "specs";
And carefully from off each lens
Wiped all the little flecks.

We know not if it's algebra,
When we get a word to parse;
But we know this teacher used no comb
Since his hair was very sparse.

Alas! this man has left us now
To go across the river.
"When comes there such another man?"
The girls they answer, "Never."

And this is why the pedagogue
Would have worn his hair in curls;
He wanted to make a great big hit,
With all the pretty girls.

III

A teacher sat down at his desk
To mark examinations;
He thought of staying quite a while
So he brought along some rations.

Saffold's paper was the first,
Of course, it got a "U";
Barger's followed speedily,
And that made number two.

Thus the teacher marked and marked
Until he grew quite tired,
And as they saw him sleeping there
The "flunkers"—they conspired.

They tho't of all the wrongs he'd done
And determined to get square;
But they knew not if they'd better shoot,
Or slam him with a chair.

Thus they conspired lengthily,
Until they saw the lunch,
Then unto one of these wise "flunks"
There came a sudden "hunch."

For years they'd studied chemistry,
So they knew about a pill;
He'd surely die, if in his lunch,
They could this poison spill.

They hustled to the druggist's
And bought the deadly "dope"—
Next day the "doc" assured them
That there wasn't any hope.

Alas! the foregone verses
Are only just a dream;
If this would happen unto Raish,
I'd drown me in pink ice cream.

M. E. D.



The Morning After

'Twas the morning after the night before,
When Johnny entered the school room door;
His eyes were heavy, his face was pale,
And his sleepy attitude told a tale
Of little sleep and a wakeful night.
But John, unmindful of his plight,
Opened his locker, got out his books,
And swung his coat on one of the hooks.
Then, closing his locker with a frown,
Went into his home room and sat down.
The boys around him, bright and gay,
Were studying lessons for the day;
But weary John in a back seat curled,
And straightway left this troubled world
For the Land of Dreams, and, free from harms,
Slept, with his head upon his arms.
Soon the time for the roll call came,
And when the teacher called his name,
Poor little John said not a word,
But slept right on and never stirred,
Until the teacher said to one
Of the other scholars, "Jack call John."
John woke up with a start, and then
Said in a loud voice, "I'll raise you ten."

Moral

If in school you would be bright,
Don't play poker half the night,
But go to bed and have a snore
'Till the morning after the night before. EDWARD S. HORR.





Vaughn in Math: "I'm stuck on this example."

Berns: "I'm glad you like it."

Miss Converse: "Now this question has two sides."

Dorothy: "Turn it over and let's see the other side."

Helen Koester, anxiously: "Who will be my little cheerup-idist?"

Elsie: "Why do you look into the mirror so much, Sylvia? You shouldn't be so vain."

Sylvia: "I'm not vain. I'm twice as good looking as I think I am."

Esther (to Lillian): "Oh, I was awfully scared today. Paul and I were out taking a walk and we met the minister and Paul asked him to join us."

John's father: "Learning to dance, eh? Well four hours every evening is entirely too long for you to be on your feet, young man."

John Barton: "But Pa, I'm only on my feet two hours."

Father: "Two hours! How do you make that out?"

John: "Why, the rest of the time I'm on my partners."

Miss King: "What lesson do we learn from the Busy Bee?"

Gertrude: "Not to get stung."

Hugh Brown: "Ma, I got 100 in two different studies."

Mother (surprised): "What were they in, Hugh?"

Hugh B.: "I got forty in German and sixty in Math."

There's a husky teacher named Frost,
Whose art of scrubbing's not lost,
For when he is cross
He shows he is boss,
By cleaning the floor at small cost.

X. Y. Z.



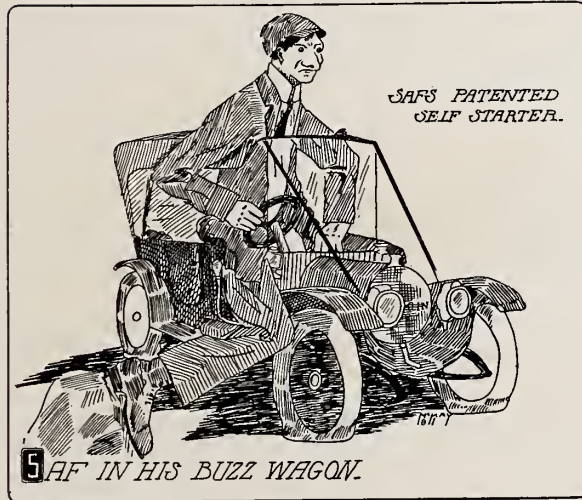
At first she touches up her hair
To see if it's in place;
And then with manner debonaire
She touches up her face;
A touch to curls behind her ear,
A touch to silken collar,
And then she's off to papa dear
To touch him for a dollar.

—Ex.

Saffold's Horse

Saffold had a little horse,
It's leaves were white as snow,
And into every physics test
This horse was sure to go.
The teacher found the horse one day,
And now poor Webb is blue,
For when it comes to physics tests
He doesn't know what to do.

W. D.



Hawkins: "How do you renew an old battery?"

Whitehead: "Add a little diluted water."

Miss Matchett (to indifferent flat): "James, do you want to see your card? If you do, you have the opportunity. It looks as if it had been stamped for eyelet embroidery."

Mr. Durstine: "What is sea island cotton used for?"

III D Boy: "For making handkerchiefs."

Mr. Durstine: "Why?"

III D Boy: "They need strong cotton to stand the blow."

Mr. Hawkins (enthusiastically explaining liquid air): "Why, a demonstrator once took some mercury on the end of a stick and dipped it in some liquid air; took it out and hammered a spike with it. Now that's what I call a striking experiment."

Blackwell, one night after being out, dreamt that he was awake, but on awakening found that he was asleep.

Mr. Griffin (to Gates): "I'm tired of hearing that grin."

Blackwell: "What did I get on my last test, Mr. Atwater?"

Mr. Atwater: "95, if I'm not mistaken."

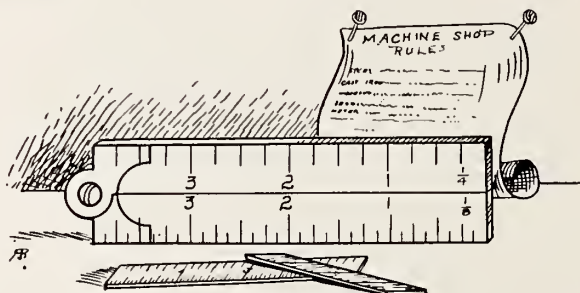
Blackwell: "I think you must be mistaken."

Miss Matchett: "Why is antimony used for printing?"

Robert Burton: "Because it expands when it contracts."

Some of Mr. Vickerman's Machine Shop Rules

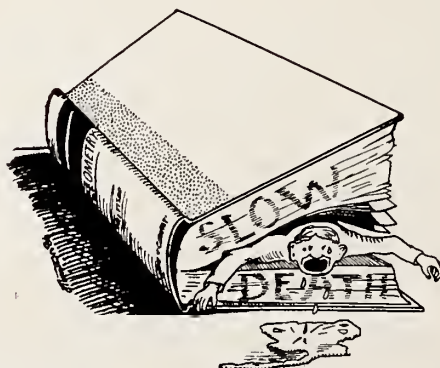
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The first rule is STEEL everything you can lay your hands upon.

The 2nd rule is CAST IRON at any one who happens to be in your way.

The 3rd rule is WOOD you go unhurt? Then never lean against running gears.



Mr. Berns: "a + b + c are all over what?"

Stranahan: "Are all over the blackboard."

Mr. Street (looking at Zehner): "We will let U be the unit of measure."

Zehner: "Wouldn't that be a rather unwieldy unit, Mr. Street?"

Mr. Greenamyer: "Tell me the old method of making sodium hydroxide."

Meyers: "You heat—You heat—"

Mr. Greenameyer: "Here, here, you're wasting too much gas."

Mr. Hawkins: "Greer, can you really see water?"

Greer: "I never saw any that I couldn't see."

Vlack: "Say, what was Hawkin's joke about?"

Paddock: "It was about the limit."

The Song of the Classes

Oh, here's to the Freshman who sits over there,
He runs to the lunch room to rescue a chair;
He walks down to school with his lunch box of tin,
And studies and studies until he grows thin.

Oh, here's to the Sophomore with wiseacre looks,
He feels quite important with all his new books;
He jumps all the flats that he happens to spy,
And walks into chemistry with a black eye.

Then, here's to the Junior with trousers rolled high,
He loafs in the hall-ways with maidens so shy;
He shuns mathematics and English and such,
For he is now studying physics and Dutch.

And here's to the Seniors, the best in the land,
They run the whole school and get a glau hand
From our Sunny Jim, and the rest of the "fac,"
For soon they will leave here and never come back.

W. H. O.

The Technical High Lunch Room

MENU

SOUPS

Mealy Wiesenberger Nungesser

FISH

Goldberg "Shrimp" Colcher
Lemon—Lois Abell

LOBSTERS

Barger Greer Weaver

MEATS

Tongue—Helen Koester Pork—Jaskulek
Mutton—Hornung Beef—Cruishank

MUSHROOMS

Hugh Brown Earl Flood

"MASHED" POTATOES

Roy Ludick and Ethel Long

DUMPLINGS

Florence Egger Rita DeBrown

PICKLES

Krause Ralph Osborn

DESSERT

ICES

Edna Roehl Clapp
Helen Falls

ANGEL FOOD

Blackwell "Alice" Tilden

DEVIL FOOD

Jessie Turner Mildred Dole
Lillian Kochler

CANDY

Lydia Oestermeyer Gordon Cadish
Norman Feather McDonald
Flossie Williamson Esther Howden

NUTS

Ashworth Gates Orr Leavenworth Vaughn
Stranahan Vlach

Bluffers' Club

King Bluff: Colcher
The King's Backer: Papier
Keeper: Gillespie
Lord Always Kick: Clogg
Lord Soft Nut: Paddock
Chief Wind Jammer: Anderson

Members.

Vaughn	Zehner
Barton	Hunkin
Gates	Bomonti
Ashworth	Berman

Famous Sayings of Famous People

Rita DeBrown—"Got anything to tell me, kid?"
Blackwell—"Aw-gwan."
Allene Martin—"Great Guns!"
Shively—"Got that material in?"
Gates—"Got any money?"
Miss Walz—"Wo sind wir stehen geblieben?"
Helen Koester—"What's the matter now?"
Lydia Oestermeyer—"My Land!"
Mr. Hoornstra—"Understand?"
Edna Roehl—"Hello, dearie."
Clapp—"Sa-a-a-a-y!"
Miss Bishop—"Cunnin', ain't it?"
Florence Egger—"Kiddo."
Bowen—"Now listen here."
Miss Matchett—"Also."
Lillian Koehler—"Marvelous!"
Lois Abell—"Seen sweetheart?"
Weaver—"Sure."
Wiesenberger—"I know a place where you can get that cheaper."
Mr. Knirk—"For example, up in Michigan."
Mr. Short—"It used to be when I went to school."
Earl Flood—"His Nibs" (Referring to Mr. Barker).
Mr. Simons—"You fellows."
Mr. Plum—"I don't know."

In Stageland

- "The Three Twins"—Flossie Williamson, Lillian Koehler, Esther Howden.
- "Girls"—Balcony on Monday morning.
- "Homeward Bound"—After Delinquent Report Cards.
- "The Happiest Night of His Life"—Cadisch's First Night with a girl.
- "Henpeck's"—The faculty (married).
- "Get-Rich-Wallingford"—Mr. Barker and his Moving Picture Machine.
- "Gamblers"—Ashworth, Brown, Shively, Blackwell.
- "The Girl in the Taxi"—Miss Collings.
- "Circus Man"—"Dutch" Zehner.
- "Debtors"—Seniors.
- "The Barrier"—Quarterly Examinations.
- "The Intruder"—Ray Warren.
- "Then Test"—The Roast Beef in the Lunch Room.
- "The Tie That Binds"—Hunkin's Auto.
- "Broken Idol"—Henrietta Schambacher.
- "Traveling Salesman"—Everett Barger.
- "Clothes"—Ruth Bowen.
- "Your Humble Servant"—The Annual Board.
- "The Beauty Spot"—The Palladium.
- "The Merry Widow"—Esther minus Paul.
- "M'lle Mischief"—Dorothy Meyers.
- "The Flirting Princess"—"Hattie."
- "The Devil"—Art Blackwell.
- "The Man of The Hour"—Phil Gates.
- "I'll be Hanged If I Do"—Fred Paddock.
- "Seven Days"—Canned.
- "Salome"—Goldberg as Mary Garden.
- "The Round Up"—Flat Registration.
- "Country Boy"—Bill Ward.
- "The Deserters"—Grads; Flunks.
- "Con and Co"—Colcher, Hornung and Clapp.
- "The Man Without a Country"—Rosenberg.
- "Brewster's Millions"—Physics Laboratory.
- "The Golden Crook"—Colcher.
- "The Fair Coed"—? ? ? ?

Song Hits

- "The Chocolate Soldier"—John Barton.
"I Was Only, Only Teasing You"—Phillip Gates.
"Cubanola Glide"—That Dance after Football Banquet.
"Gee! But There's Class to a Girl Like You"—Lydia Ostermayer.
"The Soul Kiss"—Rosenberg in "Einer Muss Heiraten."
"I'm Glad I'm Married"—Rita DeBrown.
"I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now"—Stanley Bowen.
"Baby Doll"—Butler.
"Pony Boy"—Saffold.
"I'll Save Up All My Kisses For You"—Edna Roehl.
"Yip—i—addy—i—yay"—Junior Hallowe'en Party.
"How Dry I Am"—Arthur Wiesenberger.
"I'm Afraid to Go Home in the Dark"—Lois Abell.
"I'm a Poor Married Man"—Arthur Henshaw.
"All That I Ask is Love"—Olive Spear.
"I Never Done Nothin' to Nobody"—Miss Arbuthnot.
"Kiss Me"—Treter.
"Don't Wake Me Up, I'm Dreaming"—Art Blackwell.
"Honey Boy"—Hugh Brown.
"Mr. Cupid"—Gordon Cadish.
"I'm An Honorary Member of the Midnight Crew"—Shively.

Pompadour Club

- Chief Pomp: Carl P. Linder.
Right Flunky: Bomonti.
Brigadier Generals and Guardian of the Sacred Comb (never to be used): Wiesenberger.
Common Poms: Krall, Russel, Clocher, Eckert, Bissman.
Nearly Poms: Ashworth, Jaskulek.
Deserted Pomp: "Shorty" Wilson.

Pall Mall Club

- Chief Shrimp: Hunkin.
Indulging Members: Tilden, Blackwell, Brown, Ashworth, Cowin, Yard, Vaughn, Weaver, Barger.



SEPTEMBER

- 7.—Grand Fall Opening.
- 8.—Flats get theirs.
- 9.—Good morning! Have you had your programs changed yet?
- 14.—Polytechnic gets the school started right.
- 15.—Senior political question settled.
- 17.—“Mauled” by Lakewood.
- 19.—Mr. Barker has a few announcements to make.



- 21.—Pretty girls put into Junior offices.
- 22.—Polytechnic elections—Suffragette style, with talking.
- 24.—Oberlin game.
- 26.—Mollycods and girls learn foot ball from Mr. Lawson.
- 28.—Dramaless Dramatic Society organized.
- 29.—Palladium meets—Incidentally talks.

OCTOBER

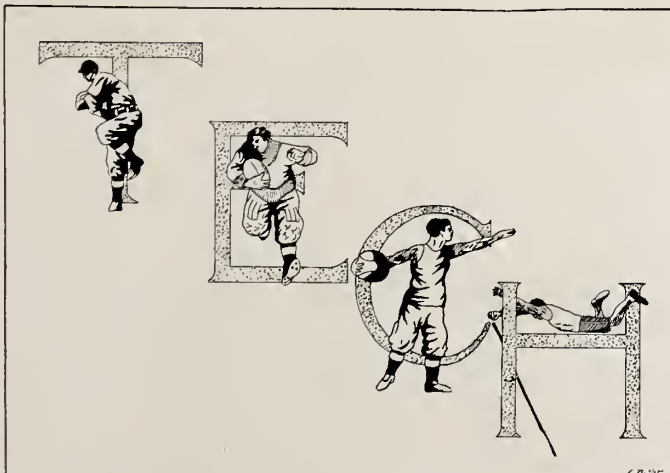
- 1.—Roe-Zehner wrestling match.
- 3.—Blue Monday—report cards.

TECHNICAL HIGH SCHOOL									
Name <i>Vaughan, Sewell</i>									
Subject <i>Chemistry</i> I Qr. C. Yr									
Teacher <i>A. G. Greenmeyer</i>									
No. per Week		Class Av.		Exam Av.		Vital Av.			
4				4 2		4			
		3				Dec			
2		5				U			
0		0							
5		5				Jan			
2		1		0		U			
		0		0					
3		0		2		Feb			
8		0		2		U			
7		8							

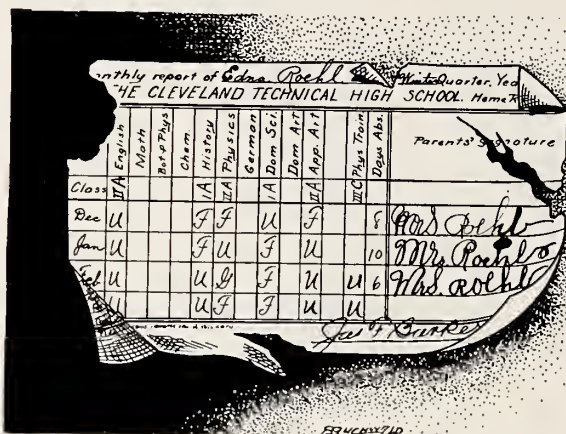
BUCEY 74P

"The evil that men do
lives after them."

- 5.—Mr. Barker organizes Sophs.
- 6.—Dramatic Club meets—that's all.
- 8.—6-o East.
- 10.—Weisy makes a plunge into Grand Opera with Gesang-verein.
- 11.—Our birthday—considerable speechifying.
- 13.—Polytechnic vacates for two periods for a trip.
- 15.—Pretty fish pictures (hand painted?)
- 17.—No reason for having this day on the calendar.
- 19.—Hallowe'en dance announcement so you can begin saving.
- 21.—A tack finds Mr. Meck a tough customer.
- 22.—Clogg kicked South out of it.



- 24.—Ministers' day.
25.—False fire alarm in 213—fire drill carried on privately anyway.
26.—New members for Dramatic.
29.—Can tied to Glenville. 9-0.
31.—Yes, we were unsatisfactory.



NOVEMBER

- 5.—Commerce vanquished, Shaw vanquishes.
- 7.—Foot Ball rally—11 or 8 came.
- 8.—Forum elections.
- 9.—Polytech learns weather making.
- 10.—Palladium thinks about hobble skirts.
- 11.—307S capture Mr. Ashworth.
- 14.—Rhetoricals—Exam. questions answered before hand—nit!
- 15.—Your humble servants of the Annual Board given their jobs.
- 16.—Dull day, not even any fun in 213.
- 17.—The hobblers hobble in green and yellow.



- 21.—What ignoramous got up this exam?
- 22.—Simply awful, everybody'll flunk.
- 23.—Exams over. (Sighs of relief.)
- 28.—Poly honors the Standard Tool Co. with a visit. "Would the gentleman kindly tell Cadisch what drills are used for?"
- 29.—Forum meets and adjourns.
- 30.—Seniors agree to be robbed for class pins.

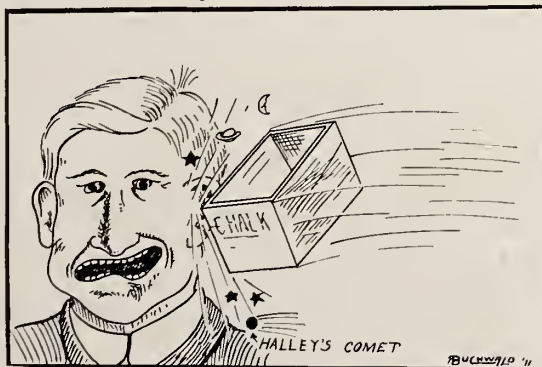


DECEMBER

- 2.—Graduation—human gas engines miss once or twice.
- 6.—Seniors meet for spit-ball practice.



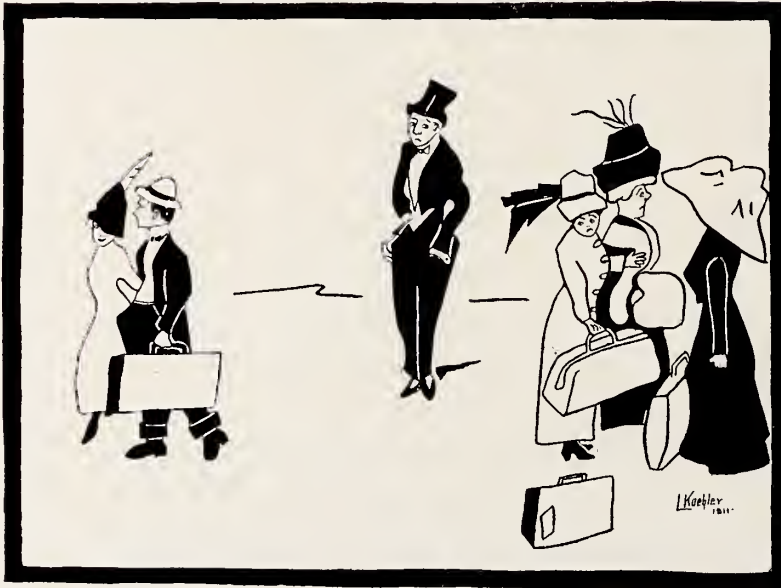
- 7.—Polytechnic Dance.
- 12.—New bunch of III A's decorate the stage.
- 15.—Miss Parmenter becomes Palladium guardian.
- 20.—Revolt in the study hall.



- 21.—Dramatic Club meetings—chairs present.
- 22.—The Birds celebrate Christmas.

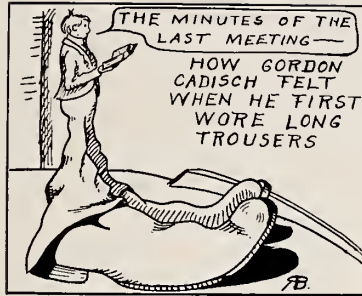
JANUARY

- 3.—Flunk certificates issued.
- 6.—Basket ball starts, Tech 12, East 17.
- 9.—Foot ball team and Zehner receive sweaters.
- 11.—Annual Board has peaceful (?) session.
- 16.—Vaudeville—the kind of rhetorical we like.
- 17.—Senior meeting, minus the Seniors.
- 18.—Dramatic dreams sleigh ride.
- 20.—Poor Commerce again.
- 23.—Doctor Pickard and his trained jokes.
- 24.—Commencement spielers picked.
- 27.—West High—those mean things.
- 31.—Foot ball spread—oh dear!

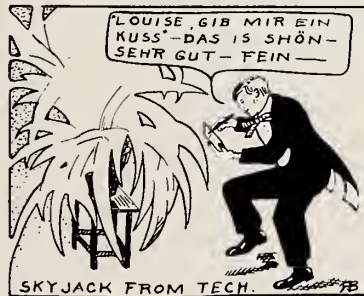


FEBRUARY

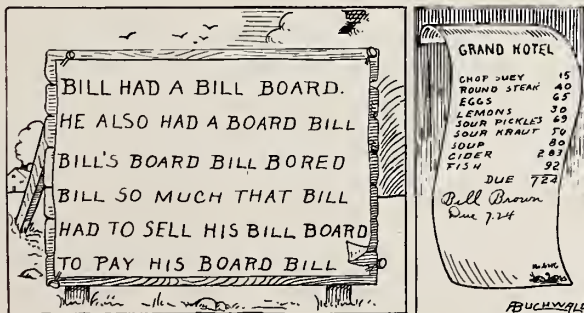
- 1.—Treter shows the effect of pressed brick and India rubber pie.
- 3.—Two points more and we could have beaten Shaw—Honest.
- 6.—Mr. G. Cadisch conceals the lower part of his nether limbs.



- 9.—Police! Dankworth steals the feminine freshies heart in
 “Einer muss heirathen.”



- 10.—The farmers from the Falls bite the dust, 26-15.
 17.—Joyous day, oh gladsome heart,—half day off.
 Also Tech 23-South 4.



- 20.—No Annual Material in sight yet.
 23.—More foolishness, exams of course.
 24.—Lincoln “came back” in the second half.

MARCH

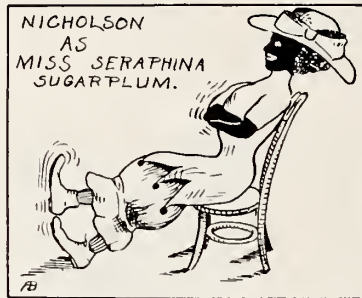
3.—Stung at Geneva.

4.—Time—6th period; place—9rd floor; Girl—Sylvia Friend;
Enter—a dead mouse.

The End.

6.—Art Blackwell transferred 75 cents to the tailor for creases
for Monday.

10.—“Darktown is out tonight.” So was a crowd.



13.—Rhetoricals under the direction of Messrs. Blackwell &
Clark with, oh, such modest tones.

14.—C of C plutocrats inspect us. Also, distribute silverware.

16.—Alice Paddock on “Cheese Fudge” to the Palladium.

17.—Teachers make a meal on Senior girls’ tea and chocolate.
Tech 22-Ravenna 14.

20.—Seniors sleep on stage instead of before it. More cups
added to our collection.

21.—Polytech holds a mysterious meeting (as usual).

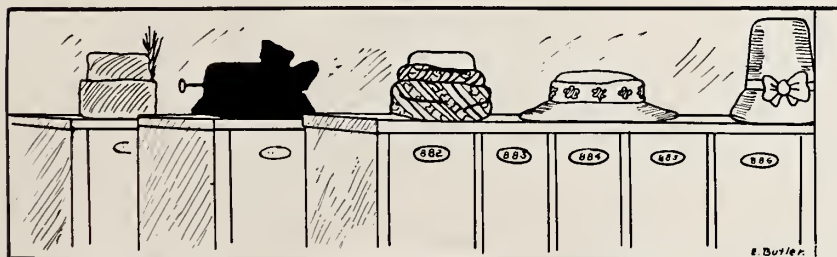
22.—Civics Club organized.



- 26.—Of course, you didn't deserve a "U." Dodgast the teacher.
31.—Flattering of Seniors for commencement begun.
27.—Ludick turns white wing in civics.

APRIL

- 3.—Mr. Shively meets.
4.—Seniors plan a dance.
6.—Beach opens—Edna Roehl tells Gates she "Wasn't at home last night." We take it for granted that Clapp wasn't either.
7.—Tech cops from Lincoln and West. Griffins bunch plant an "Anhäuser Busch."
10.—Forum raises cain at Idlewile. W. Shively, Chief Goat.





The
Electric City Engraving Co.
Buffalo, N.Y.

WE MADE THE ENGRAVINGS FOR THIS BOOK.





